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THE BLODGETT READERS BY GRADES

BOOK FIVE

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THE BLODGETT READERS BY GRADES

BOOK FIVE

BY

FRANCES E. BLODGETT

AND

ANDREW B. BLODGETT

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

GINN AND COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LONDON

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PREFACE

There are two demands which teachers have a right to make upon the compilers of reading books for intermediate grades: one is that the selections shall be unhackneyed and interesting to a young reader; the other is that the standards of literary art shall be strictly maintained.

Up to this period of his school life the pupil's critical faculties and intellectual tastes have had no special opportunity for development. He has learned to enjoy but not to discriminate. Now, however, he is inclined to form judgments of his own, and under careful direction may begin to appreciate the charm of true literature.

Many of the selections in this volume have never before appeared in a schoolbook, and the others are of sufficient value to warrant repeated use. Age will not wither nor will custom stale the writings of Sir Thomas Malory, of Herrick, of Scott, or of Tennyson, while the Bible and Shakespeare are in little danger of becoming too familiar. Dramatic narratives from Dumas and Stevenson, extracts from *Don Quixote* and *The Arabian Nights*, with stories from history and mythology, ought to furnish something of the "infinite variety" craved by healthy minds.

The selections from Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier, and James Russell Lowell are used by the kind permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the publishers of the writings of these authors.

Grateful acknowledgment is also made to the publishing houses named below for the use of the following copyrighted material: "How the Nautilus left her Ship," by Mary E. Bakewell (American Book Company); "In Nibelungen Land," by James Baldwin (Charles Scribner's Sons); "The Babe in the Woods," by Stanley Waterloo (Doubleday, Page & Co.); "The Girl of the Virginia Forests," by E. S. Brooks (G. P. Putnam's Sons); "What the Fawns must Know" and "The Secret of the Woods," by William J. Long (Ginn and Company).

THE AUTHORS

FUNDAMENTALS OF READING

There are two phases to be considered in oral reading: first, the mechanical phase, which consists of correct pronunciation and clear enunciation, and second, the artistic or interpretative side of such reading.

In the first place it must be insisted upon that the reader shall speak slowly, clearly, and distinctly, giving each vowel and consonant its correct value.

Careful attention to these details, together with continued practice, will soon develop good pronunciation. Then the child is ready for the second phase, the proper interpretation, which means something more than merely saying words. It means the bringing out of the real meaning behind the printed words.

The image, the idea, or the emotion contained in the sentence to be read must be absorbed and fully measured by the reader before it can be given orally for the entertainment or instruction of those who hear.

For the benefit of teachers it is well to consider briefly a few of the technical principles to be relied upon in teaching reading.

Emphasis may be defined as the particular stress of voice placed upon one or more of the words of a sentence, and is the main principle used to bring out the proper expression in oral reading; but to secure this no formal rule can be given. It must come from the effort of the reader to make the meaning clear to his hearers. For example, the first sentence in this book (page 1) will be read correctly thus: *Peter* was walking in the *highroad* on the *further* side of the *river* — the *great highroad* that leads from *Bergamo* to *Milan.*

Inflection is the upward or downward slide of the voice. It is of two kinds, rising and falling. These may be illustrated by

carrying the hand through the air as the words are spoken, or by writing sentences on the blackboard in a form that will indicate the inflection, as follows: *Did you see a boy pass this way?* *Yes,* *he went down this* *street.* If insufficient attention is given to the matter of inflection, the voice becomes monotonous and oral reading exceedingly tiresome. An exaggerated inflection, on the other hand, tends to artificiality and affectation. Great pains should be taken to secure natural expression.

Accent means the special stress given to a certain syllable of a word, as *pres' ent, pre sent', pres en ta' tion.*

Quality has to do with the kind of tone used in speaking or reading. The three principal tones used are *pure, orotund,* and *aspirated.* Others sometimes mentioned are the **guttural,** a deep throat tone, and the **tremor,** a tremulous quality of the voice. **Pure tone** is used in ordinary conversation and is clear and smooth. The **orotund** is a magnified or intensified pure tone. It is used to bring out some special oratorical effect, or in reading verse of great dignity and majesty. The **aspirated** is a forcible whisper expressing fear, horror, or wonder.

Force is the degree of loudness used in reading; the voice is *loud, moderate,* or *gentle,* according to the requirements of the selection to be read.

Pitch means the general tone of the voice in reading; it is *medium, high,* or *low* as the selection may demand. (Distinguish between *pitch* and *tone.*)

Rate refers to the rapidity of speech in oral reading, and is *moderate, rapid,* or *slow* as the selection may demand.

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THE BLODGETT READERS BY GRADES

BOOK FIVE

ON THE ROAD TO TURIN

HENRY HARLAND

HENRY HARLAND (1861–1905) was an English novelist. This selection is adapted from *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.*

NOTE. Peter Marchdale, an Englishman, has rented an Italian villa belonging to a charming young duchess. The following scene is quite independent of the rest of the story.

Peter was walking in the highroad on the further side of the river — the great highroad that leads from Bergamo to Milan.

It was late in the afternoon, and already, in the west, the sky was beginning to put on some of its sunset splendors. In the east, framed to Peter's vision by parallel lines of poplars, it hung like a curtain of dark blue velvet.

Far down the long, white road, against the blue velvet sky, between the poplars, two little spots of black, two small human figures, were moving toward him.

As they came nearer they defined themselves as a boy and a girl. Nearer still, he saw that they were ragged and dusty and barefoot. The boy had three or four wicker baskets slung over his shoulder.

Vaguely Peter supposed that they were the children of some of the peasants, on their way home from the village.

As they arrived abreast of him, they paid him the usual salute. The boy lifted his tattered felt hat from his head, the girl bobbed a courtesy, and "Good evening, Excellency," they said in concert, without, however, pausing in their march.

Peter put his hand into his pocket.

"Here, little girl," he called.

The little girl glanced at him, doubting.

"Come here," he said.

Her face a question, she came up to him; and he gave her a few coppers.

"To buy sweetmeats," he said.

"A thousand thanks, Excellency," said she, bobbing another courtesy.

"A thousand thanks, Excellency," said the boy, from his distance, again lifting his rag of a hat.

And they trudged on.

But Peter looked after them, and his heart smote him. They were clearly of the poorest of the poor. He thought

of Hansel and Gretel. Why had he given them so little? He called to them to stop.

The little girl came running back.

"You may as well buy some ribbons too," said Peter, and gave her a couple of lire.

She looked at the money with surprise — even with an appearance of hesitation. Plainly, it was a sum in her eyes.

"It 's all right. Run along," said Peter.

"A thousand thanks, Excellency," said she, with a third courtesy, and rejoined her brother. . . .

"Where are they going?" asked a voice.

Peter faced about.

There stood the duchess in a bicycling costume, with her bicycle beside her.

"Where are they going?" she repeated, trouble in her voice and eyes.

"The children?" said Peter. "I don't know — I did n't ask. Home, are n't they?"

"Home? Oh, no. They don't live hereabouts," she said. "I know all the little ones of this neighborhood. Children! children!" she cried.

But they were quite a hundred yards away and did not hear.

"Do you wish them to come back?" asked Peter.

"Yes — of course," she answered, with a shade of impatience.

He put his fingers to his lips (you know the schoolboy accomplishment), and gave a long whistle.

That the children did hear.

They halted, and turned round, looking inquiringly.

"Come back — come back!" called the duchess, raising her hand and beckoning. They came back.

The boy was a sturdy fellow of twelve or thirteen, with a shock of brown hair, brown cheeks, and sunny brown eyes.

The girl was ten or eleven, pale, pinched; hungry, weary, and sorry-looking. Her hair, too, had once been brown; but now it was faded to something near the tint of ashes. Her forehead was crossed by wrinkles, lines of pain and worry, like an old woman's.

"Where are you going?" the duchess asked softly, smiling into the girl's sad little face.

The girl had shown no fear of Peter, but she was somewhat frightened by this grand lady. The toes of her bare feet worked nervously in the dust. She hung her head shyly and looked at her brother.

But the brother, removing his hat with the bow of an Italian peasant, — and that is to say, the bow of a courtier, — spoke up bravely.

"To Turin, Nobility."

He said it in a perfectly matter-of-fact way, quite as he might have said, "To the next farmhouse."

The duchess, however, had not bargained for an answer of this measure. Startled, doubting her ears, perhaps, "To Turin!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Excellency," said the boy.

"But Turin is hundreds of kilometers from here," she said, in a kind of gasp.

"Yes, Excellency," said the boy.

"You are going to Turin — you two children — walking — like that!" she went on.

"Yes, Excellency."

"But — but it will take you a month."

"Pardon, noble lady," said the boy. "With your Excellency's permission, we were told that it should take fifteen days."

"Where do you come from?" she asked.

"From Bergamo, Excellency."

"When did you leave Bergamo?

"Yesterday morning, Excellency."

"The little girl is your sister?"

"Yes, Excellency."

"Have you a mother and father?"

"A father, Excellency. The mother is dead."

"And where is your father?" the duchess asked.

"In Turin, Excellency," answered the boy. "He is a glass blower. After the strike at Bergamo he went to Turin to seek work. Now he has found it. So he has sent for us to come to him."

"But how do you live by the way?"

The boy touched his load of baskets.

"We sell these, Excellency."

"Have you sold many since you started?"

The boy looked away, and now it was his turn to hang his head, and to let his toes work nervously in the dust.

"Have n't you sold any?" she exclaimed.

"No, Excellency. The people would not buy," he owned in a dull tone, keeping his eyes down.

"Poor child," she murmured. "Where are you going to sleep to-night?"

"In a house, Excellency," said he.

But that seemed to strike the duchess as somewhat vague.

"In what house?" she asked.

"I do not know, Excellency," he confessed. "We will find a house."

"Should you like to come back with me, and sleep at my house?"

The boy and girl looked at each other, taking mute counsel.

"Pardon, noble lady, is it far?" the boy asked.

"I am afraid it is not very near — three or four kilometers."

Again the children looked at each other, conferring. Then the boy shook his head.

"A thousand thanks, Excellency. We must not turn back. We must walk on till later. At night we will find a house."

"They are too proud to own that their house will be a hedge," she said in English to Peter. "Aren't you hungry?" she asked the children.

"No, Excellency. We had bread in the village," answered the boy.

"You will not come home with me and have a good dinner and a good night's sleep?"

"Pardon, Excellency. The father would not wish us to go back."

The duchess turned to Peter.

"Do you know, I haven't a penny in my pocket. I have come out without my purse."

"How much ought one to give them?" Peter asked.

"Of course, there is the fear that they might be robbed," she reflected.

"I will speak to the boy," said Peter. "Should you like to go to Turin by train?" he asked.

The boy and girl looked at each other.

"Yes, Excellency," said the boy.

"But if I give you money for your fare, will you know how to take care of it — how to prevent people from robbing you?"

"Oh, yes, Excellency."

"Then if I give you a hundred lire?"

The boy drew back as if frightened.

"A hundred lire?" he said.

"Yes," said Peter.

The boy looked at his sister.

"Pardon, Nobility," he said. "Does it cost a hundred lire to go to Turin by train?"

"Oh, no. I think it costs eight or ten."

Again the boy looked at his sister.

"Pardon, Nobility. We should not desire a hundred lire then," he said.

"Well, if I should give you fifty?" Peter asked.

"Fifty lire?"

Peter nodded.

Still again the boy sought counsel of his sister with his eyes.

"Yes, Excellency."

"You are sure you will be able to take care of it?" the duchess put in. "People may try to rob you. If you go to sleep in the train, some one may pick your pocket."

"I will hide it, noble lady. No one shall rob me. If I go to sleep in the train, my sister will watch. If she goes to sleep, I will watch," the boy promised confidently.

"You must give it to him in the smallest change you can possibly scrape together," she advised Peter. And with one-lira, two-lira, ten-lira notes and a little silver and copper, he made up the amount.

"A thousand thanks, Excellency," said the boy, with a bow that was magnificent; and he proceeded to distribute the money among various obscure pockets.

"A thousand thanks, Excellency," said the girl, with a courtesy.

"Good-by and a good journey to you," said Peter.

"Good-by, Excellency," said the boy and girl.

But the duchess stooped down and kissed the girl on her poor little wrinkled brow. And when she stood up Peter saw that her eyes were wet.

The children moved off, whispering together, and gesticulating, after the manner of their race. Presently they stopped, and the boy came running back.

He doffed his hat, and said, "A thousand pardons, Excellency —"

"Yes? What is it?" Peter asked.

"Is it obligatory that we should take the train?"

"Obligatory!" said Peter. "What do you mean?"

"If it is not obligatory, we prefer, with the permission of your Excellency, to save the money."

"But — but then you will have to walk!" cried Peter.

"But if it is not obligatory to take the train, we pray your Excellency's permission to save the money. We should like to give it to the father. The father is very poor. Fifty lire is so much."

This time it was Peter who looked for counsel to the duchess. Her eyes still bright with tears, she answered, "Let them do as they will."

"No, it is not obligatory — it is only recommended," he said to the boy with a smile that he could n't help. "Do as you will. But if I were you, I should spare my poor little feet."

"A thousand thanks, Excellency," the boy said, with a final sweep of his tattered hat. He ran back to his sister; and the next moment they were walking resolutely on westward, into the great red light.

Bergamo (bĕr′gä mō): a city of Italy, forty miles northeast of Milan. — **Milan** (mĭl′ạn): one of the largest cities of Italy, famous for its cathedral. — **Turin**: an Italian city, about eighty miles west of Milan. — **Excellency**: a title of respect. **Nobility** is similarly used farther on. — **Hansel** (hän′sĕl) and **Gretel** (grę̣′tĕl): a poor little brother and sister in an old German fairy story. — **lire** (lē′rä): silver coins. A single **lira** (lē′rä) is worth about nineteen cents. — **kilometer** (kĭl′ŏ mē tẽr): about three fifths of a mile.

THE NIGHT PIECE

ROBERT HERRICK

ROBERT HERRICK, a lyric poet, was born in London in 1591; he died in 1674. Many of his poems have a grace and beauty unsurpassed in literature.

Her eyes the glowworm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slowworm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

glowworm: a kind of beetle which gives out light as it moves. — **elves**: imaginary beings supposed to haunt hills and wild places. — **will-o'-the-wisp**: an evil spirit who, by assuming the appearance of a light, takes pleasure in leading benighted travelers astray. This superstition had its origin in the *ignis fatuus*, a natural phenomenon often seen in marshy places. — **cumber**: oppress, trouble. — **tapers**: small, lighted wax candles.

WHAT DO WE PLANT?

HENRY ABBEY

HENRY ABBEY (1842–), a merchant of Rondout, New York, is a poet whose verses are a contribution to American literature.

What do we plant, when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales —
The keel, the keelson, and beam, and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant, when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant, when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

THE BABE IN THE WOODS — I

STANLEY WATERLOO

STANLEY WATERLOO (1846–) is an American author and journalist. "The Babe in the Woods" is taken from a book called *The Story of Ab*, which is an interesting tale of the experiments and discoveries of prehistoric man.

Drifted beech leaves had made a soft, clean bed in a little hollow in the wood. The wood, which was separated from the great forest back of it by a slight clearing, stood high on the rugged bank of a river. Near the crest of this bank, a hundred feet above the river, the mouth of a small cave was visible, which was so blocked with stones as to leave barely room for the entrance of a human being. The couch of beech leaves already referred to was not far from this cave.

On the leafy couch a little brown babe rolled about and kicked up his short legs in glee. It was evident that he could not walk yet: he was a babe not more than a year old, but in spite of his youth he seemed content to be thus left alone. His grip on the twigs, which had fallen into his bed, was strong, and he was breaking them delightedly as he laughed and cooed and kicked about.

He was a baby of the time of the cave men; the time — no matter how many thousands of years ago — when the mammoth, the rhinoceros, the great cave tiger and cave bear, the huge elk, reindeer, and hosts of little horses fed or gamboled in the forests and plains.

The river already mentioned still remains, though it is a much smaller stream than in the cave man's time. It is called the Thames, and beside and across it lies, to-day, the greatest city in the world. But that afternoon when the baby — they called him Ab — slept in his nest of beech leaves, this river was known only by the name of Running Water. Upon its banks the oak and beech and walnut and butternut already reared their graceful forms aloft, and the ground beneath their spreading branches was strewn with the store of nuts which gave a portion of food for man and beast.

The babe tired finally of its cooing and twig snapping, and slept the dreamless sleep of childhood. But when he

at last awoke, his behavior showed a change. He had nothing to amuse him, unless it might be the breaking of twigs again, and being hungry he began to cry.

His mother, hearing him, came running lightly from the river bank. Leaping a creek and surmounting a tree trunk, she bounded through the forest as lithe as a panther and as careless of where her brown feet touched the ground.

She was of about the average size of womanhood, and was dressed in the skins of wolverines. Her hair, which was brown and long, was thrown straight back over her head: it hung far down between her shoulders in a tangled, fluffy mass, and so did not wander into her eyes. This was a good thing, for bright eyes and unobstructed vision were required in those lively days.

Her arms were very muscular, as must necessarily be the case with a lady accustomed to swing from limb to limb along the tree tops. Her thumb was nearly as long as her fingers, and the palms of her hands were hard.

She had beautiful feet: her big toe and all her other toes were much in evidence, but to-day there is not one woman in ten thousand who can as handily pick up objects with her toes as could the mother of the baby Ab. She was as brown as a nut, and as healthy a creature as ever trod a path in the world's history.

The woman made a dive into the little hollow and picked the babe from his nest of leaves and tossed him up lightly. At once his crying ceased; his little brown arms went round her neck, and he cooed and prattled in much the same fashion as does a baby of the present time. He was content all in a moment, yet some noise must have aroused him, for, as it chanced, there was a great need that he should have awakened at this particular moment and cried aloud for his mother.

As the woman tossed him aloft in her arms and cuddled him again, there came a sound to her ears which made her leap up to a little vantage ground. She turned her head, and then — you should have seen the woman!

Very nearly above them swung down one of the branches of a great beech tree. The mother threw the child into the hollow of her left arm and leaped upward a yard to catch the branch with her right hand. So she hung dangling. Instantly she lowered the child with her left hand and clasped her feet about him closely. With both her strong arms free, this cave mother made her way up the stout beech limb until she was twenty feet above the ground. Lifting herself into a comfortable place, she was in a moment sitting at ease; one arm coiled about a big branch overhead, while the other arm held the brown babe close to her bosom.

THE BABE IN THE WOODS—II

This lady of the period had reached her perch in the beech-tree top none too soon. Even as she swung herself into place upon the huge bough, there came rushing across the space beneath a brute as foul and dangerous as could be imagined. It had a black, hoggish nose, and there were fangs in its great jaws. It was one of the monster hyenas of the time, a beast which must have been as dangerous to the men then living as any animal except the cave tiger and cave bear. Doubtless the brute had scented the sleeping babe, and snarling aloud in its search, had waked it, inducing the cry which proved the child's salvation.

The beast scented immediately the prey above him and leaped vainly upward. The woman encircled the supporting branch the closer, and laughed aloud. She even poked one bare foot down at the leaping beast. At the same time there was no doubt that she was in trouble. Furthermore she was hungry, and so she raised her voice and sent out through the forest a strange call which might be heard at a great distance.

There was no delay in the response, for delays were dangerous when cave men lived. The call was answered instantly, the sound of the reply approaching nearer and

nearer all the time. And then the manner of the woman's calling changed; it was an appeal no longer; it was a conversation, — an odd, clucking speech in the shortest of sentences. She was telling of the situation. There was prompt reply; and then came, swinging easily from branch to branch along the treetops, the father of Ab, a person who felt a natural interest in what was going on.

The cave man was stronger, longer limbed and deeper chested, firmer of jaw and more grim of countenance than the cave woman. He was dressed much as she was. From one broad shoulder hung a cloak of the skin of some wild beast. It was tied about the waist by a stout cord, and in the belt thus formed was stuck a weapon of such quality as men have rarely carried since. It was a stone ax,—an ax heavier than any battle-ax of later times, and one only to be wielded by such a man as this, whose arms were almost as mighty as those of the gorilla.

The man seated himself upon the limb beside his wife and child. The two talked together in their clucking language for a moment or two, but few words were wasted. Words had not their present abundance in those days; action was everything. The man was hungry, too, and wanted to get home as soon as possible. He had secured food which was awaiting them, and this slight, annoying adventure must be ended promptly.

He clambered easily up the tree, and wrenched off a limb at least two yards in length; then tumbling back again and passing his wife and child on the main branch, he swung down to where the leaping beast could almost reach him. With a whistling sweep, as the hyena leaped upward, came this huge club crashing against the thick skull. The blow was so strong that the stunned beast fell backward upon the ground; and then down, lightly as any monkey, dropped the cave man. The huge stone ax went crashing into the brain of the brute and that was the end of the incident.

Mother and child leaped down together, and the man and woman went strolling off through the beech glades, the child perched firmly upon her shoulder. This was not a particularly eventful day with them; they were accustomed to such things.

With the keen alertness belonging to their time, they half trotted along the river side. Their ears twitched and turned, now forward now backward, to catch the slightest sound, and their eyes were peering far ahead or looking backward to note what enemies of the wood might be upon the trail.

There came no new alarm, however, and soon the cave was reached, though on the way they stopped to gather up the nuts and berries the woman had found in the

afternoon while the babe was lying asleep. The fruitage was held in a great leaf, pulled together at the edges and tied with a strand of tough grass. This food was the woman's contribution to the evening meal. As for the father he had more to offer, as was evident when the cave was reached.

The man and woman crept through the narrow entrance and stood erect in a room in the rocks twenty feet square and perhaps fifteen feet in height. Looking upward one could see a gleam of light from the outer world. The opening through which the light came was the chimney, dug downward with much labor from the level of the land above. Directly underneath the opening was the fireplace, for men had learned thoroughly the use of fire, and had even some fancies as to getting rid of smoke.

There were smoldering embers upon the hearth, embers of the hardest wood, which would preserve a fire for the greatest length of time; for the cave man had neither flint and steel nor matches, and when a fire died out it was a matter of some difficulty to secure a flame again.

On this occasion there was no trouble. The embers were beaten up easily into glowing coals, and the twigs and dead limbs cast upon them soon made a roaring flame. As the cave was lighted, the man pointed laughingly to the abundance of meat he had secured. It was

food of the finest sort, and in such quantity as to make life in the cave man's dwelling easy for a week at least. It was a hind quarter of a wild horse.

The nuts gathered by the woman were tossed in a heap among the ashes; the live coals were raked upon them, and the popping which followed showed how well they were being roasted.

A sturdy twig sharpened at the end was used by the man in cooking the strips of meat, and very savory were the odors that filled the cave. Even the child mumbled heartily at the delicious meat of the little horse, and, the meal ended, the man and woman lay down to sleep upon a mass of leaves which made their bed, with the child snuggled in warm beside them.

There was silence in the cave, but outside the world was not so still. The night was not always one of silence in the cave man's time. The hours of darkness were those when man was no longer gliding through the forest with ready club or spear, and when the animals, especially the defenseless ones, felt more at ease than in the day-time. The grass-eaters emerged from the forest upon the low plains, and the flesh-eaters began again their hunting. There were nightly tragedies, and it was but a matter of difference in diet, and in the manner of doing away with one life which must be sacrificed to support another.

And while all this play of life and death went on outside, the man, woman, and child slept soundly in the cave. They were full-fed and warm and safe. No beast of a size greater than that of a lank wolf or sinewy wild cat could enter the cave through the narrow entrance between the heaped-up rocks. And even these creatures would not face what barred the narrow passage, for it was fire. Knots of the hardest wood smoked, flamed, and smoldered, and then flamed again and held the passageway securely. No animal that ever lived, save man, has dared the touch of fire. It was the cave man's guardian.

mammoth: a hairy elephant of enormous size, now extinct. — **little horses**: in those early times horses were about the size of foxes. — **vantage ground**: a better or higher place. — **gorilla**: an ape of West Africa, larger than a man, and remarkable for its strength.

THE POET'S SONG

ALFRED TENNYSON

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, late poet laureate of England and one of the greatest poets of his age, was born in 1809, and died in 1892. His verse is noted for its perfect form and melody.

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopped as he hunted the fly,
The snake slipped under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

the gates of the sun: that part of the sky where the sun rises or sets.

Notice that the sweetest singers of bird land as well as the hunters stop to listen to the poet's song, and that he foretells a time when there shall be no cruelty or bloodshed.

THE CHILDREN WHO SAVED HAMBURG

Hamburg was besieged. Wolff, the merchant, returned slowly to his home one morning. Along with the other merchants of the city he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy, and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armor day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he passed through his garden, he noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. The soldiers of the enemy were suffering from thirst. What would they not give for the fruit that hung on the trees of his orchard? Might not he, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open, and they set out on their strange errand.

When the leader of the army saw the gates of the city open, and the band of little white-robed children marching

out, many of them nearly hidden by the branches which they carried, he at once thought it was some trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him while preparing for an attack on his camp.

But when the little ones drew nearer, and he saw how pale and thin they were from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and could hardly keep back the tears. Then, as his wounded soldiers tasted the refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sent along with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and the next day signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

For many years afterwards, as the day came round on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday, and called "The Feast of the Cherries." Large numbers of children in white robes marched through the streets, each one bearing a branch with bunches of cherries on it.

Every age of the world's history has its tales of war and bloodshed and cruelty, of wild struggles and of great victories, but nowhere among them all do we find the story of a more beautiful victory than that which was won by the little children who saved Hamburg.

Selected

HOW THE NAUTILUS LEFT HER SHIP

MARY E. BAKEWELL

MARY E. BAKEWELL is an American author.

She was crawling around her home at the bottom of the ocean. It was far, far down, through the gleaming, deep blue water, to the floor of hard white sand below. But the nautilus, as she trailed slowly about, cared nothing for the miles of water that separated her from the sunshine, nor for the great ships that sailed the seas so far above her head.

In the first place, the world she lived in was so very beautiful that she could think of nothing else. All about her shone a soft green light, and over the white floor lay shells of wonderful colors, — crimson, orange, and pearly white. Here and there on the rocks were sea flowers

tinted like rainbows, waving their filmy petals to and fro, while groups of jellyfish floated by, like trailing sparks of fire. Other fishes of strange shapes, big and little, gleamed like silver as they swam through the water.

As I was saying, when the story began, the nautilus was crawling around at the bottom of the ocean. She was talking to herself, and taking no notice of a great old crab that was perched upon a rock and watching her.

"What a queer little creature!" said the crab. "She looks a good deal like her cousin, the cuttlefish, but his family has more good looks. Eight legs, or perhaps arms, must be awkward to manage. I like her color, though it is white with rose-colored spots. And her shell does make a nice boat, though I'd hate to have to be thinking about it all the time. I guess I'll speak to her. Ahem!" said the old crab, to attract attention.

Into her shell went the nautilus at a bound. Out of sight went arms and legs, and all but a bright eye, left to peep out and see who it was that called.

"Oh, don't mind me," said the crab; "I just wanted to know what seemed to be worrying you."

Out came the nautilus again, glad to find a friend, and she rested, rocking in her shell while she talked. As she had a soft, murmuring voice, like the sound of ripples on the beach, the crab had to listen very hard to hear her.

"It was many days ago," said the nautilus, dreamily, "when I was sailing through those upper seas. Just at sunset I passed a great, ugly boat, filled with those creatures who call themselves men. Among them was a little child, and to him I listened. He reached his hands toward the ocean and talked to it, and as I followed, all his talk was of the ocean and how he loved it, and how he lived in a strange country where there was no sea."

"He must have come from the far West," said the crab. "That's a land that's high and dry. But I don't see what you have to do with it all."

"Just this," answered the nautilus; "the child wanted to take something of the ocean with him, and I thought at once of my ship, knowing I could slip from under it without being seen; but the day before I had happened on a battle between a swordfish and a sawfish, and in the struggle a piece of my ship was broken. I have been all this day mending and making it new, and now, how shall I find again the little child?"

The old crab slid down from the rocks. "Well," he said, "we'll manage it. Come to the sea urchins' house and we'll ask if they know." So off they went together.

But, dear me, when they found the sea urchins, those roly-poly, spiny fellows did not know anything at all about the little child who wanted to take the ocean home.

So there was nothing for it but to keep on to the starfish and ask if he knew.

The starfish lived in a most beautiful home. It was a fairy grotto where clusters of sea anemones grew thickly around the door, and the floor was of shining pebbles. When they entered his house he waved his five fingers in greeting to them.

"Well, old fellow!" said the crab.

"Oh, starfish, can you tell me?" began the nautilus. Then both together asked, "Where on earth can we find the little child who wanted to take the ocean home?"

But the starfish was just as surprised as the sea urchins had been. He had seen some children once, he believed, — fat little bare-legged things, digging in the sand, but none of them had said anything about the ocean.

He suggested that they ask the oysters, who knew a good deal about men's habits; and then, coming to the door of his house, and standing among his waving anemones, he watched them on their way to the oyster bed.

Here, indeed, they had hopes of learning something; for there were so many oysters lying about, surely some of them must have picked up some news. However, just now they all seemed to be asleep, and the crab had to rap very hard with his claws on their shells before he could rouse them.

Then they all opened their mouths and yawned, and looked so stupid that the nautilus said sadly, "I fear they can tell us nothing."

But the crab was one of those people who never will give up. He sidled here and there among them all, and asked questions of every one, and stirred them up till they had to think.

No one knew what he wanted, however, till he reached a fat oyster in a corner. This oyster, as it happened, had been drawn up in a dredging net the day before, and had slipped over the side of the boat down to his home again. As he had lain in the boat, he had seen a little child, on the sand at the water's edge, stretch out his hands as if talking to the waves.

"It must be the same child," cried the nautilus.

"There was a hotel behind him, with pink turrets on the roof," said the oyster, in his thick voice. Then he shut his mouth tight, and went to sleep again.

For five minutes the nautilus and the crab looked at each other without speaking, so disappointed were they. "I can think of but one place more," said the nautilus, "and that is the coral reef."

"Let us go there, by all means," said the crab.

This was a long walk, up a steep hill, and with many things to stop their way. The sardine school was out for

a picnic, for one thing. And an enormous shark was lying right across their path, so that they had to go ever so far around to pass him. There were a great many troubles besides, so that they were quite out of breath when they reached the coral reef.

It stood like a great temple, strong and steady, reaching far up through the water to the light above, and it was ivory white in the clear shining of the sea.

The crab and the nautilus had hard work sending their message by a sunfish all the way to the top of the reef, where the polyp family were living. Yet the plan worked well; for one could see far and wide from the coral reef, and back the messenger came to say that a little child played each day on a sandy beach not far from the reef, and that every evening, just at sunset, he ran down to say good night to the ocean.

So you may imagine how happy the nautilus was. She thanked the old crab, and fell to polishing her boat until it shone like mother-of-pearl, so that it would be in readiness.

And that evening, when all the sky was bright with the sunset, and when it was so still you could hear only the sound of the waves, the nautilus sailed through the upper seas straight toward the beach near the reef.

There, to be sure, as she drew nearer, was the child she had tried so hard to find; but the child's face

was turned away, and he seemed to be singing softly to himself.

Then all at once the nautilus felt very shy. When she had sailed up close to the beach, she gave her ship a little push to send it further in. Then she slipped from under it, and dropped down to her home at the bottom of the sea. There she would have to make another boat.

The child, as he turned to walk along the beach, saw something shining on the wet sand. He ran to pick it up. It was a wonderful, beautiful shell, pearly white, with delicate curving lines, and so frail and fair that it seemed as if a breath might hurt it.

"It is a ship!" cried the child; "a ship the fairies have sent me"; and he laughed aloud with delight.

Then he held it up to his ear, and his eyes grew bright with wonder, for deep from the heart of the shell came the voice of the ocean. And the child with the fairy ship in his hands knew that however far he might go, still he would have ever with him something of the murmur and the mystery of the sea.

nautilus: a shellfish which creeps on the bottom of the sea. — **sea urchins**: shellfish which are covered with movable spines, often long and sharp. — **sea anemones**: soft-bodied marine animals which attach themselves at will to other substances. They resemble flowers in shape and color. — **polyp family**: a large class of water animals, a species of which secretes a hard, stony substance known as coral.

THE SHELL

ALFRED TENNYSON

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

What is it? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurled,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

fairily: daintily. — **minute**: tiny. — **void**: empty.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS SCOLDED — I

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, one of the greatest story-tellers in the world, was born in Denmark in 1805; he died in 1875. During his boyhood he suffered many hardships, which were evidently in his mind when he wrote *The Ugly Duckling*. Upon the discovery of his extraordinary talent he was educated at the expense of the state, and money was given to him for travel. His stories soon obtained a wide popularity. They have been translated into many languages and have given delight to thousands of readers.

I will tell you a story that was told to me when I was a little boy. Every time I think of this story, it seems to me more and more charming, for it is with some stories as it is with many people — they become better as they grow older.

If you lived in Denmark you might, by going out into almost any country place, see a very old farmhouse such as I am about to describe. It has a thatched roof with mosses and small plants growing wild upon the thatch; and on the summit of the gable there is a stork's nest — for country people there cannot do without the stork. The walls of the house are sloping, and the windows are low, and only one of the latter is made so that it will open. An elder tree hangs over the palings, and beneath its branches, at the foot of the palings, is a pool of water

in which a few ducks are splashing about. There is a yard dog, too, who barks at all comers.

In just such a house as this dwelt an old couple, a peasant and his wife. Small as their possessions were, they had one thing which they could do without, and that was a horse, which lived on the grass it found by the side of the road. The old peasant rode into the town upon this horse, and his neighbors often borrowed it of him, and did some kindness in return for the loan. There came a time, however, when the old couple thought it would be best to sell the horse, or exchange it for something that might be more useful to them. But what might this something be?

"You'll know best, father," said the wife. "It is fair day to-day; so ride into town, and get rid of the horse. Sell him for money, or make a good exchange: whatever you do will be right." And she fastened his neckerchief for him, for she could do that better than he could. Then she brushed his hat round and round with the palm of her hand, and gave him a kiss; and he rode away upon the horse that was to be sold or bartered for something else. Yes, the good man knew what he was about.

The sun shone hotly down, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty, for many people, who were all going to the fair, were riding or

walking upon it. Among the rest, a man who was driving a cow came trudging along. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow could be.

"She gives good milk, I'm certain," said the peasant to himself. "That would be a very good exchange — the cow for the horse. Hello there, you with the cow!" said he aloud. "Everybody knows that a horse costs more than a cow, but I don't care for that. A cow would be more useful to me; so, if you like, we will exchange."

"To be sure I will," said the man; and they exchanged accordingly.

As the matter was settled, the peasant might have turned back, for he had done the business he came to do; but as he had once made up his mind to go to the fair, he determined that he would not change his plans; and so on he went to the town with his cow. Soon he overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

"I should like to have that fellow," said the peasant. "He would find plenty of grass by our palings, and in winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would be more profitable to have a sheep than a cow. Shall we exchange?"

The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was quickly made. And then our peasant continued

his way on the highroad with his sheep. Soon after this he overtook a man who was carrying a large goose.

"What a heavy creature you have there!" said the peasant. "It has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat,

and it would look well tied to a string, or paddling in the water at our place. My old woman could make all kinds of profit out of it. How often she has said, 'If we only had a goose!' Now, here is an opportunity, and, if possible, I will get it for her. Shall we exchange? I'll give you my sheep for your goose, and thanks into the bargain."

The other made no objection; and accordingly they exchanged, and our peasant became the owner of the goose.

By this time he had arrived very near the town. The crowd on the highroad became greater and greater; there was quite a crush of men and cattle. The cattle walked on the path, close by the palings; and at the tollgate they even walked into the tollman's potato field, where his own fowl was strutting about with a string tied to its leg, for fear it should take fright at the crowd and stray away. This fowl had short tail feathers, and it winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning as it said, "Cluck, cluck!" As soon as our good man saw it, he thought, "That's the finest fowl I ever saw in my life! Upon my word I should like to own it. A fowl can always find a grain or two, and can almost keep itself. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get it for my goose. Shall we exchange?" he asked the toll taker.

"Exchange!" repeated the man; "well, it would not be a bad thing."

And so they made an exchange; the toll taker kept the goose, and the peasant, well pleased with his bargain, carried off the fowl.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS SCOLDED — II

Now our good man had done a great deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat, and so he turned his steps toward the inn. He was just about to enter when the hostler came out. The hostler was carrying a sack.

"What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

"Rotten apples," answered the hostler; "a whole sackful of them. They will do to feed the pigs."

"Why, that will be terrible waste! I should like to take them to my wife. Last year our old apple tree only bore one apple, and we kept it in the cupboard till it was quite rotten and spoiled. It was always property, my good wife said; and here she would see a whole sackful of property. Yes, I should like to show them to her."

"What will you give me for them?" asked the hostler.

"What will I give? Well, I will give you my fowl."

So he gave up the fowl and received the apples, which he carried into the inn parlor. He put down the sack carefully by the stove, and then went to the table. But the stove was hot; he did not think of that. Many guests were present — horse dealers, cattle drovers, and two Englishmen — and the two Englishmen were so rich that their pockets bulged out with gold coins.

Hiss-s-s! hiss-s-s! What could that be by the fire? The apples were beginning to roast.

"What is that noise?" asked one.

"I declare," said our peasant, "they are the rotten apples which I intended to carry home to my wife!" And then he told them the whole story of the horse that he had exchanged for a cow, and all the rest of it down to the apples.

"Well, your good wife will give it to you soundly when you get home," said one of the Englishmen. "Ah, but there will be a disturbance!"

"What? Give me what?" said the peasant. "Why, she will only kiss me, and say that what I do is always right."

"Shall we wager?" said the Englishman. "We'll wager you a ton of coined gold, a hundred pounds to the hundredweight, against your rotten apples, that she'll give you a very different reception from that."

"No; a bushel will be enough," replied the peasant. "I have only a bushel of apples, and I'll throw myself and my good woman into the bargain; that will pile up the measure, you know."

"Done — taken!"

And so the bargain was made. Then a carriage was brought round to the door, and the Englishmen got in,

and the peasant got in, and away they went. It was not very long before they arrived at the peasant's hut.

"Good evening, good wife," said the peasant.

"Good evening, kind husband," she answered.

"I've disposed of the horse," said he.

"Yes, you understand what you're about," said the woman. And she embraced him, and paid no attention to the stranger guests, nor did she notice the sack.

"I got a cow in exchange for the horse."

"How delightful!" said she. "Now we shall have plenty of milk and butter and cheese upon the table!"

"Yes; but I exchanged the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, that's better still!" cried the wife. "You always think of everything: we have just enough pasture for a sheep. And only think of the woolen jackets and stockings! The cow could not give us those, and her hairs only fall off. How you do think of everything!"

"But I made another exchange, and gave the sheep for a goose."

"Then we shall really have roast goose to eat on Christmas. You dear old man, you are always thinking of something to give me pleasure. We can let the goose walk about with a string tied to her leg, so she'll be fatter still before we roast her."

"But I gave away the goose for a fowl."

"A fowl! Well, that *was* a good exchange," replied the woman. "The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall have chickens; we shall soon have a whole poultry yard! Oh, that's just what I have been wishing for."

"Yes; but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of rotten apples."

"How very wise you are!" exclaimed the wife. "Do you know, as soon as you left me this morning, I began to think of what I could give you for supper this evening, and I decided that it should be eggs and bacon with sweet herbs. I had the eggs and bacon, but I wanted the herbs; so I went over to the schoolmaster's. I knew that they had plenty of herbs, but the schoolmaster's wife does n't always like to lend, although she can smile ever so sweetly. 'Lend!' she cried; 'I have nothing to lend. I could not even lend you a rotten apple, my dear woman.' But now I can lend *her* twenty, or a whole sackful." And with that she gave him a hearty kiss.

"Well, I like all this," exclaimed both the Englishmen. "Always going downhill, and yet always merry. It's worth the money to see it."

So they paid a hundredweight of gold to the peasant, who, whatever he did, was never scolded.

thatched: covered with straw or rushes. — **palings**: a fence formed of pales or pickets.

WHAT THE FAWNS MUST KNOW

WILLIAM J. LONG

WILLIAM J. LONG is an American author and naturalist.

One day I was following a little brook, which led me by its singing to a deep dingle in the very heart of the big woods. A great fallen tree lay across my path and I sat down on its mossy trunk to see who my neighbors might be, and what little feet were passing on the highway.

Just in front of me was another fallen tree, lying alongside the stream, and under its roots, away from the brook, was a hidden and roomy little house, with hemlock tips drooping over its doorway for a curtain.

"A pretty place for a den," I thought, "for no one could ever find you there." Then, as if to contradict me, a stray sunbeam found the spot and began dancing and playing under the fallen roots and trunk.

"Beautiful!" I cried, as the light fell on the brown mold and flecked it with white and yellow.

The sunbeam went away again, but seemed to leave its brightness behind it; for there were still the gold-brown mold under the roots, and the flecks of white and yellow.

I stooped down to see them better; I reached in my hand — then the brown mold changed suddenly to softest fur; the white and yellow spots were the dappled sides of

two little fawns, lying there very still, just where their mother had hidden them when she went away.

They were but a few days old when I found them. Each had on his little Joseph's coat; and each, I think, must have had also a magic cloak somewhere about him, for he had only to lie down anywhere to become invisible. The curious markings hid the little owners perfectly, so long as they held themselves still and let the sunbeams dance over them.

Their beautiful heads were a study for an artist, — delicate, graceful, exquisitely colored. And their great soft eyes, as they met yours, had a questioning innocence, which went straight to your heart. There is nothing in all the woods that so takes your heart by storm as the face of a little fawn.

They were timid at first, lying close, without motion of any kind. The instinct of obedience kept them loyal to the mother's command to stay where they were and be still till she came back. So even after the hemlock curtain was brushed aside, and my hand touched them, they kept their heads flat to the ground and pretended that they were only parts of the brown forest floor, and that the spots on their bright coats were but flecks of sunshine.

I felt then that I was an intruder; that I ought to go straight away and leave them; but the little things were

too beautiful, lying there in their wonderful old den, with fear and wonder and questionings dancing in their soft eyes as they turned them back at me like a mischievous child playing peekaboo. Here was beauty such as one rarely finds, and though I was an intruder, I could not go away.

The hand that touched the little wild things searched out the spots behind their velvet ears, where they love to be rubbed; it wandered down over their backs with a little wavy caress in its motion; it curled its palm up softly under their moist muzzles and brought their tongues out instantly for the faint suggestion of salt that was in it. Suddenly their heads came up. Play was over now. They had forgotten their hiding, their first lesson; they turned and looked at me full with their great, innocent, questioning eyes. It was wonderful; I was undone. One must give his life, if need be, to defend the little things after they had looked at him just once like that.

When I rose at last, after petting them to my heart's content, they staggered up to their feet and came out of their house. Their mother had told them to stay; but here was evidently another big, kind animal, whom they might safely trust.

As I turned away they ran after me, with a plaintive little cry to bring me back. When I stopped they came close, nestling against me, and lifted their heads to be

petted and rubbed again. They were still licking my hands when a twig snapped faintly far behind us. The mother of my little innocents was coming.

I hated to frighten her, so I hurried back to the den, the little ones running close by my side. Ere I was halfway, a twig snapped sharply again; there was a swift rustle in the underbrush, and a doe sprang out, with a low bleat as she saw the home log. At sight of me she stopped short, trembling violently, an awful fear in her soft eyes as she saw my hands resting on the innocent necks of her little ones. Her feet seemed rooted to the spot. She could not move; could not believe. Then, as I waited quietly and tried to make my eyes say all sorts of friendly things, the harsh, throaty *K-a-a-a-h! k-a-a-a-h!* the danger cry of the deer, burst like a trumpet blast through the woods, and she leaped back to cover.

At the sound the little ones jumped as if stung, and plunged into the brush in the opposite direction. But the strange place frightened them; the hoarse cry that went crashing through the startled woods filled them with nameless dread. In a moment they were back again, nestling close against me, and growing quiet as my hands gently stroked their sides.

Around us, out of sight, ran the fear-haunted mother, calling, calling; now showing her head with the terror

deep in her eyes; now dashing away, with her white flag up, to show her little ones the way they must take. But the fawns gave no heed after the first alarm. They felt the kindness which the poor mother, dog-driven and waylaid by guns, had never known. And they stayed where they knew they were safe.

I led them slowly back to their hiding place, and pushed them gently under the hemlock curtain. When they tried to come out I pushed them back again. "Stay there, and mind your mother; stay there," I kept whispering. And to this day I have a half belief that they understood me, for they grew quiet after a time and looked out with wide-open, wondering eyes.

Then I dodged out of sight, jumped the fallen log to throw them off the scent should they come out, crossed the brook, and glided out of sight into the underbrush. Once safely out of hearing, I headed straight for the open, a few yards away, and changed my position till I could see the fallen tree under whose roots my little innocents were hiding.

The hoarse danger cry had ceased; the woods were all still again. A movement in the underbrush, and I saw the doe glide out beyond the brook and stand, listening. She bleated softly; the hemlock curtain was thrust aside, and the little ones came out.

At sight of them she leaped forward, a great gladness showing in every line of her graceful body. She rushed up to them, and ran her keen nose over them, to be sure that they were her own little ones and were not harmed. All the while the fawns nestled close to her, and lifted their heads to ask in their own dumb way what it was all about and why she had run away.

Then, as the smell of the man came to her from the tainted underbrush, the necessity of teaching them their second lesson, before another danger should find them, swept over her in a flood. She sprang aside with a great bound, and the hoarse *K-a-a-a-h! k-a-a-a-h!* crashed through the woods again. Her tail was straight up, the white flag showing like a beacon light as she jumped away. Behind her the fawns stood startled a moment. Then their flags went up too, and they wabbled away on slender legs through the tangles and over the rough places of the wood, bravely following their leader.

First, lie still; and second, follow the white flag. When I saw them again it needed no danger cry of the mother to remind them of these two things that every fawn must know who would live to grow up in the big woods.

dingle: a little green valley. — **mold**: soft, crumbling earth. — **flecked**: spotted. — **Joseph's coat**: a coat of many colors. See Genesis xxxvii. 3. — **cover**: woods or underbrush. — **white flag**: the strip of white on the under side of a deer's tail. — **open**: land cleared of trees. — **beacon**: a signal light.

THE SECRET OF THE WOODS

WILLIAM J. LONG

Perhaps the real reason why we see so little in the woods is the way we go through them — talking, laughing, rustling, smashing twigs, disturbing the peace of the solitudes by what must seem strange and uncouth noises to the little wild creatures. They, on the other hand, slip with noiseless feet through their native coverts, shy, silent, hating noise, and fearing it as they fear and hate their natural enemies.

We should not feel comfortable if a big barbarian came into our quiet home, broke the door down, whacked his war club on the furniture, and whooped his battle yell. We could hardly be natural under the circumstances. Our true dispositions would hide themselves. Just so wood folk. Only as you copy their ways can you expect to share their life and their secrets. And it is astonishing how little the shyest of them fears you, if you but keep silence and avoid all excitement.

That is another point to remember: all the wood folk are more curious about you than you are about them. Sit quietly in the woods anywhere, and your coming will occasion the same stir that a stranger makes in a New England hill town. Control your curiosity, and soon their

curiosity gets beyond control; they must come to find out who you are and what you are doing. Then you have the advantage; for while their curiosity is being satisfied they forget fear, and show you many curious bits of their life that you will never discover otherwise.

uncouth: this word, originally meaning *unknown*, has now come to signify in its general use *awkward* or *clumsy*. — **coverts**: places that cover and protect. — **barbarian**: a rude, uncivilized man.

ALL THINGS WAIT UPON THEE

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI (1830–1894) stood in the front rank of women writers of English verse. She was a sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the artist and poet.

Innocent eyes not ours
Are made to look on flowers,
Eyes of small birds and insects small;
Morn after summer morn
The sweet rose on her thorn
Opens her bosom to them all.
The last and least of things
That soar on quivering wings,
Or crawl among the grass blades out of sight,
Have just as clear a right
To their appointed portion of delight
As queens or kings.

WILD FLOWERS

JOHN B. TABB

JOHN B. TABB (1845–1909) was a Virginian poet of exquisite taste.

They grow where none but God,
  Life's gardener,
Upon the sterile sod
  Bestows his care.

Their morn and evening dew —
  The sacrament
That maketh all things new —
  From Heaven is sent:

And thither, ne'er in vain,
  They look for aid,
To find the punctual rain
  Or sun or shade,

Appointed hour by hour
  To every need,
Alike of parent flower
  Or nursling seed;

Till, blossom duty done,
  With parting smile
They vanish, one by one,
  To sleep awhile.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

LILIAN S. HYDE

LILIAN S. HYDE is an American writer.

Orpheus, the son of Apollo, was a wonderful musician. He had a lyre of his own and learned to play on it when he was very young. This lyre was not quite so fine a one, perhaps, as Apollo's famous golden lyre, but it could produce marvelous music.

Orpheus often went to a lonely place outside the village, where he would sit on the rocks and play. Then the spiders stopped their spinning, the ants left off running to and fro, and the bees forgot to gather honey; for none of them had ever heard such sweet music before. The little birds who had their nests in the grass did not know what new singer had come among them. They gathered around Orpheus to listen, some hopping around on the rocks, and others swinging on tall weeds, and trying to catch the tune.

As the boy grew older, his music became more and more wonderful. When he went to the old place to play, all the animals and birds in the fields and in the forest gathered around him. Lions, bears, wolves, foxes, eagles, hawks, owls, squirrels, little field mice, and many other

kinds of creatures were in the audience. Even the trees in the grove near by tore themselves up by the roots and joined the circle.

The nymphs of the valley soon made friends with the youth, and when he had grown to be a man, one of them, whose name was Eurydice, became his wife.

One day, as Eurydice was running carelessly through the meadows, she stepped upon a serpent that lived under a rock. Although the serpent was always gentle when under the influence of the magical music of Orpheus, he was not so at other times. He turned instantly, and bit Eurydice on the ankle. Then the nymph had to go down to the dark underworld where Pluto was king.

When Orpheus came back to the meadows and could not find his wife, he played his sweetest, most entrancing strains, while he wandered all about the mountains and valleys, calling to her. Her sister nymphs joined him in the search and the hills echoed their calls of "Eurydice! Eurydice!" but there was no answer.

After they had looked everywhere on earth without finding her, Orpheus knew that she must be in the underworld, and he made up his mind that he would go down and play before King Pluto. Perhaps he could persuade Pluto to let her come back to the sunny valley again.

So he went down into Pluto's kingdom, and there he played such a sweet, sad song that tears came into the eyes of all who heard it. Even Pluto, whom men thought very hard-hearted, could not help feeling sorry for the singer.

When the song was over Orpheus begged that Eurydice might be allowed to return with him to the upper world. Pluto consented to let her go on one condition, and that condition was that Orpheus must have faith to believe that Eurydice was following him, and until he reached the upper air, must not look back to see.

So Orpheus started back again, playing softly on his lyre. The music was not sad now. You would have thought that the dawn was coming, and that young birds were just waking in their nests. In the darkness, for it is always dark in the underworld, Eurydice was following; but Orpheus could not be sure of this. He slowly climbed the steep path over the rocks, back to the light of day. Just as he had almost reached that familiar world; just as he could feel the fresh air from the sea on his forehead, and could see the glimmer of a sunbeam reflected on the rocks, he felt all at once as if his wife were not there. The thought flashed into his mind that King Pluto might be deceiving him. He turned his head and, by the dim light which was beginning to break over his path, saw

Eurydice fading away and sinking from sight. Her arms were stretched out toward him, but she could not follow him any farther. He had broken the condition imposed by Pluto, and she must go back among the shades.

Eurydice was lost indeed now. Orpheus knew that it would be of no use to try again to bring her to the upper world. He did not go back to the pleasant valley in which he had grown up, but went to live on a lonely mountain, where he spent all his days in grieving.

The music that came from his lyre was so sad now that it would have broken any one's heart to hear it. When the wind blew from the north, the people who lived at the foot of the mountain could faintly hear the mournful, wailing sound of the lyre. It came down the mountain to them, almost every day, for seven months, and then the north wind brought the strains no longer.

The lyre floated down the river Hebrus, and then out to sea, sending forth sweet sounds as it went. One day, when the waves ran high, it was cast up on the shore at the island of Lesbos. There it remained till it was overgrown with vines and flowers, and half buried under falling leaves.

Orpheus (ôr′fē ŭs). — **Apollo** (ȧ pŏl′lō) : the god of light and day. — **nymphs** : goddesses of the mountains, forests, and waters. — **Eurydice** (ū rĭd′ĭ sē). — **Hebrus** : a river not very far from the modern city of Constantinople. — **Lesbos** : an island in the Ægean Sea, now known as Mitylene (mĭt tē lē′nē).

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

William Shakespeare

William Shakespeare, the great dramatist of the world, was born at Stratford, England, in 1564, and died there in 1616. The plays considered his best are *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Lear*, and *The Tempest*. Although his dramas overshadow his other writings, Shakespeare holds a high place among the great English poets as a writer of sonnets and other poems. The following song is from *King Henry VIII*, Act III, Scene I.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
    Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
    There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
    Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
    Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

killing care: "killing" is here used as an adjective, — care that kills. — **as sun**: a poetical fashion of saying "as if sun." — **lay by**: became quiet or composed.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY — I

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (1836–1907) was an American writer of both prose and verse. His style is graceful and genuinely witty.

Her name was Mildred Wentworth and she lived on the slope of Beacon Hill, in one of those old-fashioned swell-front houses which overlook Boston Common. It was Christmas afternoon, and she had gone up to the blue room on the fourth floor, in order to make a careful inspection of the various gifts that had been left in her slender stocking and at her bedside the previous night.

Mildred was in some respects a very old child for her age, which she described as being "half past seven," and had a habit of spending hours alone in the large front chamber occupied by herself and the governess. This day the governess had gone to keep Christmas with her own family in South Boston, and it so chanced that Mildred had been left to dispose of her time as she pleased during the entire afternoon. She was well content to have the opportunity, for fortune had treated her magnificently, and it was deep satisfaction, after the excitement of the morning, to examine her treasures without any chance of interruption.

The workshop of Germany, the patient Chinaman, and the irresponsible polar bear had alike contributed to those treasures. Among other articles was a small square box having an outlandish, mysterious aspect, as if it belonged to a magician. When you loosened the catch of this box there sprang forth a terrible little monster with round, emerald-green eyes and a drifting white beard like a snowstorm.

This abrupt personage, whose family name was Heliogabalus, was known for simplicity's sake as Jumping Jack; and it is not to be concealed that he held a higher place in the esteem of Miss Wentworth than any of her other possessions. It was surely not his personal beauty that won her, for he had none; it was not his intellect, for intellect does not take up its abode in a forehead of such singular construction as that of Jumping Jack. But whatever the secret charm was, it worked.

For an hour or so Mildred amused herself by shutting Heliogabalus up in the box and letting him spring out again; then she grew weary of the diversion, and finally began to lose patience with her elastic companion because he was unable to crowd himself into the box and undo the latch with his own fingers. This was extremely unreasonable; but so was Mildred made.

"How tedious you are!" she cried, at last. "You dull little old man! I don't see how I ever came to like you.

I don't like you any more, with your glass eyes, and your silly pink mouth always open and never saying the least thing. What do you mean, sir, by standing and staring at me in that tiresome way? You look enough like Dobbs the butcher to be his brother, or to be Dobbs himself. I wonder you don't up and say, 'Steaks or chops, ma'am?' Dear me! I wish you really had some life in you, and could move about, and talk with me, and make yourself agreeable. Do be alive!"

Mildred gave a little laugh at her own absurdity, and then, being an imaginative creature, came presently to regard the idea as not altogether absurd, and, finally, as not absurd at all. She folded her hands in her lap and, rocking to and fro, reflected how pleasant it would be if Jumping Jack or her doll could come to life and do some of the talking. What wonderful stories Jumping Jack would have to tell, for example! He must have had no end of remarkable adventures before he lost his mind. Probably the very latest intelligence from Lilliput was in his possession, and perhaps he was even now vainly trying to deliver himself of it. His fixed, open mouth hinted as much. Doubtless he had been a great traveler in foreign parts; the label in German text on the bottom of his box showed that he had recently come from Munich. Munich! What magic there was in the very word!

As Mildred rocked to and fro, her active little brain weaving the most grotesque fancies, a drowsiness stole over her. She was crooning to herself fainter and fainter, and every instant drifting nearer to the shadowy reefs on the western coast of Nowhere, when she heard a soft rustling sound close at her side. She lifted her head quickly,

just in time to behold Heliogabalus describe a graceful curve in the air and land lightly in the midst of her best Dresden china tea set.

"Ho, ho!" he cried, in a voice preternaturally gruff for an individual not above five inches in height. "Ho,

ho!" And he immediately began to throw Mildred's cups and saucers and plates all about the apartment.

"Oh, you horrid, wicked little man!" cried Mildred, starting to her feet. "Stop it!"

"Oh, you cross little girl!" returned the dwarf, with his familiar leer. "You surprise me!" And another plate crashed against the blue-flowered wall paper.

"Stop it!" she repeated; and then to herself, "It's a mercy I waked up just when I did!"

Heliogabalus now seated himself on the lid of his box, and smiled as he twisted off a bit of wire that protruded from the heel of one of his boots.

This impudence increased Miss Wentworth's indignation. "I will brush you off, and tread on you," she observed, as if she were addressing an insect.

"Oh, indeed," he rejoined, crossing his legs.

"I will!" cried Mildred, making a dash at him.

Though taken at a disadvantage, the manikin eluded her with surprising ease. His agility was such as to render it impossible to determine whether he was an old young man or a very young old man. Mildred eyed him doubtfully for a moment, and then gave chase. Away went the quaint little figure, now darting under the brass bedstead, now dodging around the legs of the table, and now slipping between the feet of his pursuer.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY — II

Heliogabalus may have been a person with no great conversational gift, but his gymnastic acquirements were of the first order. Mildred not only could not catch him, but she could not restrain the manikin from doing all kinds of mischief, for in the midst of his course he would pause to overturn her tin kitchen, or shy a plate across the room, or give a vicious twitch to the lovely golden hair of Blondella, the doll.

"If things go on in this way," Mildred reflected, "I sha'n't have anything left. If I could only get the dreadful little creature into a corner! There goes my tureen! What *shall* I do?"

To quit the room, even for a moment, in order to call for assistance at the head of the staircase, was to leave everything at the mercy of that small demon. Moreover, her voice was not likely to reach any one. Mildred was out of breath with running, and ready to burst into tears with exasperation, when a different mode of procedure suggested itself to her. She would make believe that she was no longer angry, and possibly she could accomplish by cunning what she had failed to compass by violence. The story of the Fisherman from the pages of *The Arabian Nights* flashed upon her memory. Her dilemma was

exactly that of the unlucky fisherman, and her line of action should be the same. As in his case, too, there was no time to be lost. An expression of serenity instantly overspread the features of Miss Wentworth. She leaned against the wardrobe and regarded Jumping Jack with a look of gentle reproach.

"I thought you were going to be interesting," she remarked softly.

"Am I not interesting?" asked the goblin, with a touch of pardonable sensitiveness.

"No," said Mildred, candidly, "you are not. Perhaps you try to be. That's something, to be sure, though it's not everything. Oh, I don't want to touch you," she went on, with an indifferent toss of her curls. "How old are you?"

"Ever so old and ever so young."

"Truly? How very odd to be both at once! Can you read?"

"Never tried."

"I'm afraid your parents didn't bring you up very well," reflected Mildred.

"I speak all languages. The little folk of every age and every country understand me."

"You're a great traveler, then."

"I should say so!"

"You don't seem to carry much baggage with you. I suppose you belong somewhere and keep your clothes there. I really should like to know where you came from, if it 's all the same to you."

"Out of that box, my dove," replied Jumping Jack, becoming affable in his turn.

"Never!" exclaimed Mildred. "I don't believe it."

"Ho, ho!"

"You are too tall, and too wide, and too — fluffy. I don't mean to hurt your feelings, but you *are* fluffy. No; I don't believe it."

"You don't, don't you? Behold!" And placing both hands on the floor, Heliogabalus described a circle in the air, and neatly landed himself in the box.

He was no sooner in than Mildred clapped down the lid and seated herself upon it victoriously. In the suddenness of her movement she had neglected to fasten the catch; but that was a detail that could be attended to later. Meanwhile she was mistress of the situation and could dictate terms. One thing was resolved: Jumping Jack was never to jump again. To-morrow he should be thrown into the Charles River at the foot of Mount Vernon Street, in order that the tide might carry him out to sea. What would she not have given if she could have sealed him up with that talismanic seal of Solomon

which held the cruel genie so securely in his brazen casket? Of course it was not in Mildred's blood to resist the temptation to tease her captive a little.

"Now, Mr. Jack, I guess I've got you where you belong. If you are not an old man this very minute, you will be when you get out. I hope you're quite comfortable."

"Let me out!" growled Heliogabalus in his deepest bass.

"I could n't think of it, dear. You are one of those little boys that should n't be either seen or heard; and I don't want you to speak again, for I'm sitting on your head and your voice goes right through me. So you will please remember not to speak unless you are spoken to." And Mildred broke into the merriest laugh imaginable, recollecting how many times she herself had been extinguished by the same instructions.

But Mildred's triumph was premature, for the little man in the box was as strong as a giant in a dime museum; and now that he had fully recovered his breath, he began pushing in a most systematic manner with his head and shoulders, and Mildred, to her great consternation, found herself being slowly lifted up on the lid of the box, do what she might. In a minute or two more she must inevitably fall off and Jumping Jack would have her! And what mercy could she expect at his hands after her

treatment of him! She was lost! She stretched out her arms in despair, gave a shriek, and opened her eyes, which had been all the while as tightly shut as a couple of morning-glories at sundown.

She was sitting on a rug in the middle of the room and nowhere near the little imp. There he was over by the fireplace, staring at nothing in his usual senseless fashion. Not a piece of crockery had been broken, not a chair upset, and the doll had not a single tress disarranged.

Mildred gave a long breath of relief. What had happened? Had she been dreaming? She was unable to answer the question; but as she shook out the creases in the folds of her skirt, she remarked to herself that she did not care, on the whole, to have any of her things come to life, certainly not Jumping Jack. Just then the splintering of an icicle, on the window ledge outside, sent a faint whiteness into her cheek and caused her to throw a quick glance toward the fireplace. After an instant's hesitation she stole softly from the room and went downstairs to join the family and relate her strange adventure.

fantasy: a whimsical or fanciful idea. — **Heliogabalus** (hē lĭ ō găb′ą̆ lŭs). — **Munich** (mū′nĭk): the capital of Bavaria, Germany. — **grotesque** (grō̆ tĕsk′): extravagant, whimsical. — **crooning**: a low, monotonous singing. — **describe**: trace. — **preternaturally**: beyond what is natural. — **leer**: a distortion of the face. — **manikin**: a little man; a dwarf. — **talismanic**: a talisman is an object of any kind possessing a secret charm or power.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

NOTE. Much of the following selection is in the familiar words of 1 Samuel xvii. Only such liberties have been taken with the text as will serve to bring out the dramatic unity and simplicity of the narrative.

Many hundred years ago there lived in a far Eastern country a boy whose name was David. He was the youngest of eight brothers, — a strong, brave lad, fair-haired, ruddy-cheeked, and good to look upon. It was his work to take care of his father's sheep, and all day long he wandered about with his flocks, finding green fields and clear springs of water for them, and protecting them from wild beasts and other dangers. Many a night, also, did he spend beside his sheep on some grassy hillside. The climate was warm and pleasant, and to live out of doors was in itself no hardship.

Now it happened that war broke out in that country between the tribes of Israel and their old enemies, the Philistines, and among those who followed the king of Israel to battle were three of David's elder brothers. After a time their father longed to hear from his sons and to be assured that they were alive and well. So he called David to him and said: "Take now an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to thy brothers' camp. And carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and see how thy brothers fare."

So David rose up early in the morning and left the sheep with a keeper, and went as his father had commanded him. And he came to the camp as the host was going forth to the fight. For Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army.

David left the cheeses and the corn and the loaves with the keeper of the baggage, and ran into the ranks to salute his brothers. As he talked with them there came out from the camp of the Philistines a huge soldier, armed with a coat of mail, and with a helmet of brass upon his head. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. The staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron: and one bearing a shield went before him. And the giant cried in a loud voice unto the armies of Israel: "Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am I not a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? Choose you a man, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us."

Then David said unto the men who stood by him: "Who is this Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?"

And the men of Israel said: "He is Goliath of Gath, the champion of the Philistines. For forty days, morning and evening, he has come forth and defied us."

And David said, "What shall be done to the man who will kill this Philistine and take away the reproach from Israel?"

And those who stood near him said, "Surely the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and will make his father's house free in Israel."

Then they told Saul what David had said, and the king sent for him. And David said to Saul: "Let no man fear because of him. I will go and fight with this Philistine."

And Saul said to David, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a lad, and he a man of war from his youth."

And David said unto Saul: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

And Saul said unto David, "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

And Saul armed David with his armor, and he put a helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armor, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, "I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them."

And David put them off him. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and the sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on, and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: and said unto him: "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

Then said David to the Philistine, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee. And all this assembly shall

know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands."

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted,

and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in the forehead, so that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Therefore

David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith.

And when the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled. And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines unto the valley. And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armor in his tent.

And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Saul said to him, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

And David answered, "I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Bethlehemite."

And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house. And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him: and Saul set him over the men of war. And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways, and the Lord was with him.

Philistines: powerful tribes who disputed the claim of the Israelites to the possession of Palestine. — **ephah**: nearly three pecks. — **thousand**: a military company of a thousand men. — **greaves**: armor for the leg below the knee. — **target**: a shield. — **shekel**: a Hebrew weight, probably equal to half an ounce. — **father's house**: family. — **thy servant**: it is considered boastful in the East to use the pronoun *I* too frequently. — **assayed**: attempted. — **proved**: tested, tried. — **scrip**: a small bag. — **Bethlehemite**: one who lives in Bethlehem, a town of Judea in Palestine.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

NOTE. When King Saul died, some of the people chose David for their ruler, and in time he became king of all Israel. His reign was a long and brilliant one, and his name is one of the most famous in Hebrew history.

The Book of Psalms was the hymn book of the later Hebrews, and many of its familiar poems were said to have been written by King David himself. It is evident that the author of the Twenty-third Psalm was acquainted with the shepherd's life, but the poem may have been written long after the time of David.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

rod and staff: the shepherd's crook, used to guide and protect the sheep as well as to support their master. — **a table**: a feeding place. The shepherd finds safe pasturage even in dangerous localities. — **anointest my head with oil**: a common Eastern custom. The wounded or tired sheep are much refreshed by it. — **cup**: a large two-handled cup is still used for watering the thirsty sheep in Eastern folds.

THE WONDERFUL LAMP — I

NOTE. The story of Aladdin, though always connected in our minds with the tales of *The Arabian Nights*, was not added to that famous collection of Arabian fairy stories until many years after the others were brought together.

There once lived in the capital of China a careless, idle boy whose name was Aladdin. One day he was playing in the street as usual, when a stranger, curiously dressed, stopped to watch him, and questioned some of the other lads about him. Having learned all that he wanted to know, the man, who was an African magician, went up to Aladdin and said to him, "Are you not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"

"He was my father," answered Aladdin, "but he died some time ago."

At this the magician burst into tears.

"Alas!" he cried. "My dear brother Mustapha! Aladdin, my boy, you are my nephew. Take these few pieces of gold to your mother, and tell her that I will do myself the honor of supping with her this evening."

Aladdin ran home at once to his mother, and though that good woman could not remember that she had ever heard Mustapha speak of his brother, she was ready to make her new relative welcome. The magician, on his part, seemed greatly pleased with Aladdin.

"You are a clever boy, I can see," he said to his nephew. "Tell me what trade you have chosen."

Aladdin confessed with some shame that he had never learned a trade, and on hearing this the magician showed much concern.

"I will take a shop for you at once," he declared, "and I will give you the stuffs and linens you will need, if only you will promise to be industrious."

Aladdin promised willingly, for it seemed to him that keeping a shop was the easiest of all ways to earn a living. A few days afterwards the magician said to his sister-in-law: "I am about to give Aladdin a little pleasure trip out of town to-day. It will be well for him to meet some of the other merchants, and also to see the beauty of the surrounding country. Do not expect him to return before evening."

Aladdin set out in high spirits, and with full confidence in his uncle's generosity and affection. The magician took him into splendid palaces and gardens outside the city, and then by degrees led him away toward the mountains. At length they stopped to rest in a narrow valley, and Aladdin, by the magician's orders, gathered a large number of dry sticks and twigs for a fire. When the blaze was fairly started, the African threw a perfume into it and pronounced certain magical words. Instantly a great

smoke arose and the earth opened, revealing a flat stone about eighteen inches square. Aladdin was dumb with astonishment, but his pretended uncle showed no surprise.

"There is hidden under that stone," said he, "an immense treasure which may be yours if you will obey my commands."

Aladdin promised exact obedience, and the magician, putting a ring upon the boy's finger, told him to lift the stone. Having done this with the greatest ease, he was still further surprised to see a flight of stone steps which descended several feet into the earth.

"Go down boldly," said the magician. "You will find at the foot of these steps three great halls filled with chests of silver and gold. If you happen to touch one of these chests, you will instantly perish. After you have passed through the halls you will enter a garden where you may handle anything you see. At the farther end of the hall you will notice, burning in a little niche, a lamp. Throw away the oil and the wick, and bring the lamp to me."

Aladdin made haste to follow the magician's directions. He passed through the halls, crossed the garden, and placed the lamp carefully in his bosom before he ventured to look about him. Then, indeed, did he behold a wonderful sight. Every tree was loaded with diamonds and other precious stones of the rarest brilliancy. Aladdin

filled his pockets and even the folds of his robe with the jewels, and hastened back to the mouth of the cave.

It was no part of the magician's plan to allow his assistant to return to the light of day. The man of evil arts had read in his books of magic that hidden in a cave in China was a lamp, the possession of which would make him more powerful than any prince in the world. As he was not permitted to enter the cave himself, he had brought Aladdin to fetch him the wonderful talisman, intending, when it was in his own hands, to close the entrance to the underground passage and leave the boy inside. So, now, when Aladdin called upon his uncle to help him climb out of the cave, he answered craftily, "Give me first the lamp, my boy, and then I will help you up."

Aladdin was by no means distrustful, but as a matter of fact he had thrust so many jewels into his robe that he could not get at the lamp.

"Let me come up, good uncle," he called out, "and then I will give you the lamp."

Just at this moment, to the magician's terror, he saw a number of people approaching. Unwilling to have his secret discovered, he uttered the two magical words which replaced the stone and closed the earth. Then, having lost forever the power to open the cave again, he set off for his own country.

THE WONDERFUL LAMP — II

Aladdin was extremely frightened when the stone sank into place and cut him off from the light and air of the outer world. He cried out in his despair to the magician, offering to give him the lamp at once, but it was too late. He then attempted to return to the garden, but the door was shut fast and he beat upon its panels in vain. For two days he remained in the greatest misery and distress, when suddenly clasping his hands together he happened to rub the ring which the magician had placed upon his finger. Immediately an enormous genie rose out of the earth and said to him: "What wouldst thou? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave so long as thou wearest that ring, — I, and the other slaves of the ring."

Aladdin, for all his laziness, was neither dull nor slow. He answered swiftly, "I charge you, by the ring, to release me from this place."

He had no sooner spoken than the earth opened. The genie lifted him gently to the surface, and then disappeared, the earth closing again as before.

Aladdin found his way home, feeling a true gratitude for his escape, and a thankfulness at seeing his mother again, which filled them both with satisfaction and happiness. The next morning, as she began to clean the

lamp which her son had brought home, she was amazed to see an immense genie, who said to her: "What wouldst thou? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave; the slave of all those who hold that lamp in their hands, — I, and the other slaves of the lamp."

Greatly terrified the poor woman called her son, who, taking the lamp from her hands, said: "I am hungry. Fetch me something to eat."

The genie disappeared, but in a minute he came back again, bearing a huge tray covered with silver plates of the choicest food. Having placed these things on the table he vanished.

Aladdin and his mother feasted royally together and then sold the silver plates for a large sum of money. When the money was gone, Aladdin summoned the genie, who supplied them with food as before. For some years they lived prudently and modestly, and in time Aladdin became a prosperous man. The wonderful jewels that he had brought from the cave still remained in his possession.

One day, as he was walking about the city, he happened to catch a glimpse of the sultan's lovely daughter. Nothing short of making the princess his wife would now content the young man. In vain did his mother protest that the lovely princess would never take the son of a poor tailor for her husband. Aladdin was not to be discouraged.

He began to send to her father presents of so magnificent a nature that they attracted the royal attention and curiosity. Never had such diamonds and pearls been seen in all China. But when Aladdin offered himself as a son-in-law the sultan was not at all disposed to grant the request. He consulted with his vizier as to the manner in which he should refuse Aladdin's proposal.

"Demand of him a present so exceedingly valuable that he will be unable to furnish it," said the shrewd vizier.

The sultan was pleased with this advice and sent word to Aladdin that the princess was his whenever he could send to the royal palace forty basins of gold filled with jewels of matchless quality.

With the genie's help Aladdin made ready his gift. Forty slave girls, each bearing upon her head a basin of gold filled with wonderful jewels, presented themselves before the palace. The sultan received the gift with much astonishment, and notwithstanding the vizier's anger, honorably kept his word.

Aladdin then begged for a few days in which to build a fitting home for the princess, and again the sultan was amazed at the unbounded riches and generosity of the young man. The wedding was celebrated with great splendor, and Aladdin and his bride lived for some time in peace and happiness.

THE WONDERFUL LAMP — III

Meanwhile the news of Aladdin's success reached the African magician. Enraged beyond measure at the good fortune of the boy he had left to perish, and knowing full well the secret of it, he made up his mind to have the magic lamp at any cost. He set out for China, where he arrived during Aladdin's absence on a hunting trip, and proceeded at once to carry out his plan. Disguising himself as a peddler, and carrying a dozen handsome lamps in a basket, he went forth into the streets of the city, crying, "New lamps for old ones," to the amazement of all who heard him.

Up and down the streets he went, crying his wares, until he came near Aladdin's splendid palace, the sight of which added to his rage. When Aladdin's wife heard the peddler's strange offer, and saw the crowds of people who were following him about, she said to one of her servants: "Give the man the old copper lamp on yonder stand. Perhaps he will give us a new one for it."

The peddler was indeed delighted to make the exchange, for he had no doubt that this was the very lamp that he was looking for. As soon as he found himself alone he rubbed the lamp and the genie appeared, saying, as usual: "What wouldst thou? I am ready to obey thee as thy

slave; the slave of all those who hold that lamp in their hands, — I, and the other slaves of the lamp."

"I command you," said the magician, "to carry me, together with the palace you have built, and all who are in it, across the sea to Africa."

Instantly the genie obeyed, and when Aladdin returned from his journey he could find no trace of his beloved princess or his former home. The sultan met him with bitter reproaches.

"Where is my daughter?" cried the unhappy father. "Return her to me or your own life shall be sacrificed."

"Give me three days, O sultan," answered Aladdin. "If in that time I have not found the princess, my life is in your hands."

"Begone, then," said the sultan, "but fail not to return. My anger shall follow you to the ends of the earth if you try to escape."

Miserable and hopeless, Aladdin wandered down to the riverside. As he stood there his foot slipped and he would have fallen into the water had he not clung to a tree for support. The rough bark rubbed a ring on his hand — the same ring which had once before saved his life — and again its genie stood before him.

"Bring me back my palace and my wife," cried Aladdin, overjoyed at the sight.

"That I cannot do," said the genie. "You must summon the slave of the lamp. But I will carry you to the place where it now stands."

In a moment Aladdin found himself gently borne through the air, and before long he was set down under the windows of the princess. He quickly made himself known to her, and together they planned to get possession of the magic lamp. This they accomplished by a clever trick, and on the morning of the third day Aladdin was able to restore his palace, with all that it contained, to its usual place. The delighted sultan embraced Aladdin and the princess with equal affection, and the whole city rejoiced at their safe return. The death of the magician restored peace to their hearts, and they lived to reign over a prosperous and loyal people.

Abridged from *The Arabian Nights*

African magician: this would be accurately translated as a "magician from Tunis," but the old phrase is now so familiar that it has been allowed to remain.—**Mustapha** (mŭs'tă phă).—**craftily**: deceitfully.—**vizier** (vĭz'yĕr): a high official; the grand vizier was the prime minister.

ALADDIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819–1891) was one of America's most distinguished men of letters. As a poet, essayist, and critic his writings cover a wide range and are notable for power of thought and elegance of expression. Among his best known poems are *The Vision of Sir Launfal* and *The Biglow Papers.*

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 't would pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

castles in Spain: fancies; idle dreams.

THE GIRL OF THE VIRGINIA FORESTS—I

E. S. Brooks

E. S. Brooks, an American author and editor, was born in 1846, and died in 1902. This selection is taken from *Historic Girls.*

In the eastern part of the United States where Chesapeake Bay cuts Virginia in two, and where the river James rolls its glittering waters toward the sea, there lived, years ago, a notable race of men.

For many hundreds of years they had held the land, and though their clothing was scanty and their customs odd, they possessed many noble traits of character.

They lived in long, low houses of bark and boughs, each house large enough, perhaps, to accommodate from eighty to one hundred persons. The rooms of these houses were open stalls about eight feet wide; they were all on the same floor and were arranged on each side of a broad, central passageway. In this passageway, at equal distances apart, fire pits were constructed, the heat from which warmed the bodies and cooked the dinners of the members of the household.

Around their bark houses stretched carefully cultivated fields of corn and pumpkins, the trailing bean, the full-bunched grapevine, the juicy melon, and the big-leafed tabah or tobacco.

The field work was performed by the women, not from any enforced obedience, but because they felt that it was their duty to perform such labor as, to their unenlightened nature, seemed hardly suitable for men who were to become chiefs and heroes.

These sturdy forest folk of old Virginia were but a small portion of that red-skinned, vigorous, and most interesting race familiar to us under the name of Indians. Here, for generations, they had lived, with their simple home customs and their family affections, with their games and sports, their legends and their songs, their dances and feasts, their hunting and their fishing.

At the time of our story certain of these Algonquin tribes of Virginia were joined together in a sort of Indian republic, with Powhatan for their chief. He was a strongly built, but rather stern-faced old gentleman of about sixty.

Into one of the villages that stood very near the shores of Chesapeake Bay there came, one biting day in the winter of 1607, an Indian runner named Rabunta. He came as one who had important news to tell, and he paused not for shout or question from the inquisitive boys who were tumbling about in the light snow.

Now this Indian settlement into which the runner had come was the village in which Powhatan usually resided, and it was into the "long house," in which the old chief

and his family lived, that the runner dashed. In a group about the central fire pit he saw the chief. But suddenly his headlong flight came to an unexpected end. In the long passageway the children were noisily playing at their games, and some of the younger ones were turning somersaults up and down the open spaces between the fire pits.

As the runner, Rabunta, sped onward, one of these youthful gymnasts, with a dizzy succession of handsprings, came whizzing down the passageway right in his path.

There was a sudden collision. The tumbler's stout little feet came plump against the breast of Rabunta, and so sudden and unexpected was the shock that both runner and gymnast tumbled over in a heap upon the very edge of one of the big bonfires. There was a great shout of laughter, for the Indians dearly loved a joke.

"Wa, wa, Rabunta," they shouted, pointing to the runner as he picked himself out of the fire; "knocked over by a girl!"

And the deep voice of the old chief said half sternly, half tenderly: "My daughter, you have well-nigh killed our brother Rabunta with your foolery. That is scarce girl's play. Why will you be such a pocahontas?"

The runner joined in the laugh against him quite as merrily as did the rest, and made a dash at the little ten-year-old tumbler, which she nimbly evaded.

"I have news for you," he said, addressing Powhatan. "The braves have taken the pale-face chief in the swamps, and are bringing him to the council house."

"Wa," said the old chief; "it is well; we will be ready for him."

At once Rabunta was plied with questions. What was the white captain like? What had he on? Did he use his magic against the braves? Were any of them killed?

For the fame of the "great captain," as the red men called the courageous little governor of the Virginia colony, Captain John Smith, was well known to the Indians.

Rabunta was a good story-teller, and as he squatted before the upper fire pit and ate a hearty meal of parched corn, he gave the details of the celebrated capture.

THE GIRL OF THE VIRGINIA FORESTS — II

The "great captain," he said, and two of his men had been surprised in the Chickahominy swamps by two hundred braves. The two men were killed, but the captain, seeing himself entrapped, seized his Indian guide and held him before him as a shield. Protected in this way he sent out so much of his magic thunder from his fire tube that he killed or wounded many of the Indians, and yet kept himself from harm, although his clothes were torn with arrow shots. At last, however, said the runner, the captain had slipped into a mud hole in the swamps and, being there surrounded, was dragged out and made captive, and he, Rabunta, had been sent on to tell the news to the chief.

The Indians especially admired bravery and cunning, and there was a great desire to see the renowned chieftain. When he was brought into the village the next day he was received with the customary chorus of Indian yells, and a bountiful feast was set before him.

The Indians seldom wantonly killed their captives. When a sufficient number had been sacrificed to avenge the memory of such braves as had fallen in fight, the remaining captives were either adopted as tribesmen or disposed of as slaves.

So valiant a warrior as this pale-face captain was too important a personage to be used as a slave, and Powhatan received him as an honored guest rather than as a prisoner, kept him in his house for two days, and adopted him as his own son. Then, with many expressions of friendship, he returned him, well escorted by Indian guides, to the trail that led back to the English colony at Jamestown.

This account makes no mention of the captain's life being saved by the chief's daughter, but the brave Englishman's attention was evidently drawn to the agile little Indian girl, Mataoka. She was as inquisitive as any young girl, savage or civilized, and she was so full of kindly attentions to the captain, and bestowed on him so many smiles and looks of wondering curiosity, that Smith made much of her and gave her some trifling presents. So when the captain went away from the Indian village, he left one firm friend behind him, who long remembered him and determined, after her own willful fashion, to go into the white man's village and see all its wonders for herself.

Her wish was gratified, for the next autumn she was sent by her father to Jamestown to entreat the liberty of certain of her tribesmen, who had been treacherously made prisoners by the settlers. Smith released the red men at Mataoka's wish, feeling that even the friendship of a child may often be of value to people in a strange land.

The Indians were learning to distrust the white men because of the unfriendly and selfish dealings of the newcomers. Discontent grew into hatred, and at last a plot was arranged for the murder of Captain Smith and the destruction of the colony.

Three times the red men attempted to entrap and destroy the captain and his people, but each time the little Mataoka, full of friendship and pity for her new acquaintances, stole cautiously into the town and warned them of their danger.

One dark night in January, 1609, Captain Smith sat in the woods awaiting some provisions that Powhatan had promised to send him, for eatables were scarce that winter in the Virginia colony.

There was a light step beneath which the dry twigs crackled, and the wary captain bade his men be on their guard. Again the twigs crackled, and now there came from the shadow of the woods not a train of Indians, but one little girl, — Mataoka, or Pocahontas.

"Be guarded," she said, as Smith drew her to his side. "The corn will come as promised, but even now my father is gathering all his power to fall upon you and kill you. If you would live, get you away at once."

And with that she ran away by herself as she had come, and the captain returned to Jamestown.

Soon after this, Smith, sick and worn out by the continual worries and disputes with his fellow-colonists, returned to England; and Mataoka felt that, in the absence of her best friend and with the increasing troubles between her tribesmen and the palefaces, it would be unwise for her to visit Jamestown.

Her fears were well grounded, for in the spring of 1613, when sixteen years of age, she was treacherously kidnaped and was held by the colonists as a hostage for the friendship of Powhatan.

It was during her captivity that Mataoka became acquainted with Master John Rolfe, an industrious young Englishman, whom she afterwards married. History tells us that they lived happily together, and finally departed for England, where in 1617, when about twenty-one years of age, the daughter of Powhatan died.

Her story is both a pleasant and a sad one. An Indian girl, free as her native forests, made friends with the race that, quite unnecessarily, became hostile to her own.

Brighter, perhaps, than most of the girls of her tribe, she desired to avail herself of the refinements of civilization and so cast in her lot with the stranger, and sought to make peace take the place of quarrel and of war.

The white race has nothing to be proud of in its conquest of the people who once owned and occupied the vast North American continent. The story is not an agreeable one; but out of the gloom which surrounds it there come some figures that relieve the darkness. And not the least impressive of these is the gentle little daughter of Powhatan, — known to us as Pocahontas, the nickname given to her by her loving old father.

long houses: these were similar in shape to the famous "long houses" of the Iroquois, but they differed somewhat in their interior arrangement. — **pocahontas**: the Indian name for "little tomboy." — **wantonly**: recklessly. — **Jamestown**: the first English settlement in America was named after King James I of England. — **Mataoka**: (mă tā ō'ka). — **hostage**: a person held as security until some promise or condition is fulfilled.

SCYTHE SONG

ANDREW LANG

ANDREW LANG (1844–) is a British author, editor, and poet. The following lines are taken from a volume of poems entitled *Grass of Parnassus*.

Mowers, weary, and brown, and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the Scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush — 't is the lullaby Time is singing —
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

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THE ESCAPE FROM EDINBURGH CASTLE — I

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born in 1850 at Edinburgh, Scotland, within sight of the great Edinburgh Castle. His wonderful gifts as a writer of fiction, essays, and poems place him among the foremost of modern authors. Of his many novels *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is the most widely known. Some of the other works are *Treasure Island, Kidnapped, Across the Plains,* and *A Child's Garden of Verse.* He died in Samoa in 1894.

NOTE. St. Ives, or Champdivers (chăn dĭ vĕr′), is a French soldier serving under Napoleon in Spain when he is captured by the English and held as a prisoner of war. He recounts his escape.

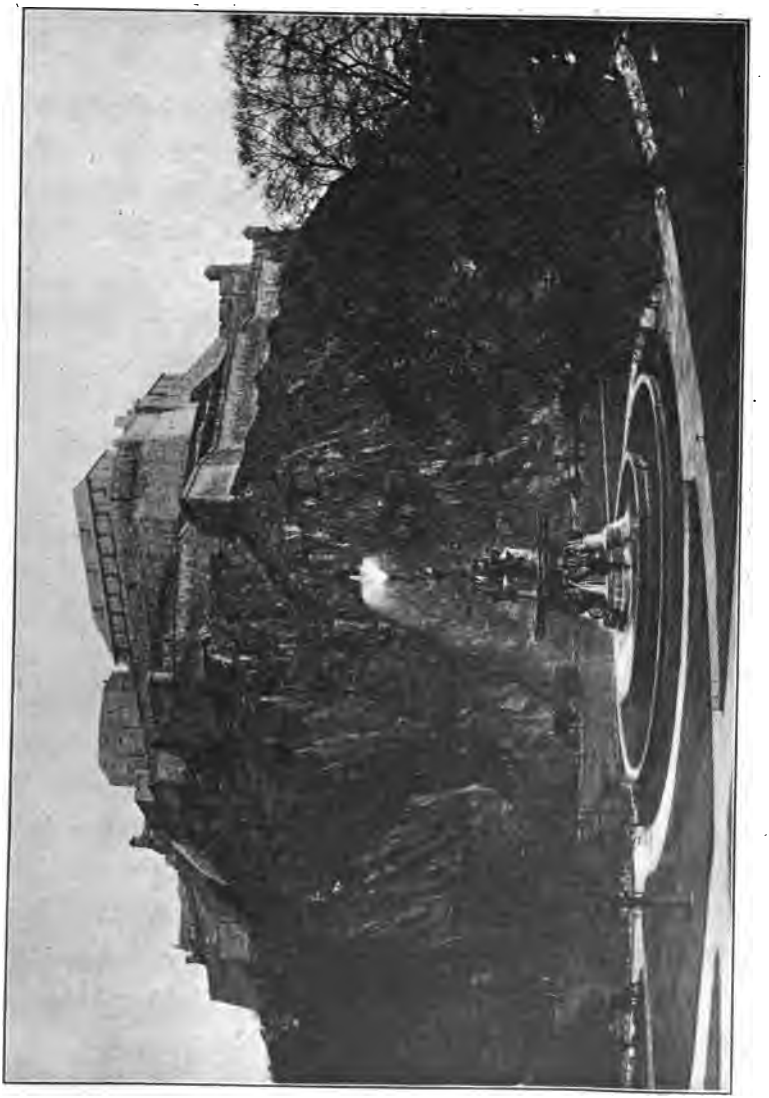
It was in the month of May, 1813, that I was so unlucky as to fall at last into the hands of the enemy.

In the midst of the city of Edinburgh, on the summit of an extraordinary rock, stands an old castle. Into this fortress I was cast with several hundred fellow-sufferers, all soldiers of Napoleon like myself.

We made but a poor show of prisoners. The officers had all been offered their parole and had taken it. They lived mostly in suburbs of the city, lodging with modest families and enjoying their freedom.

It chanced that I was the only nobleman among the privates who remained, a great part of whom were ignorant fellows — diggers of the soil, treaders of grapes,

From *St. Ives.* By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.



or hewers of wood, who had been suddenly promoted to the glorious state of soldiers.

One desire in common, however, bound us together with a closeness beyond that of mere comrades. No need to inquire as to its nature; there is only one desire that blooms in prisons. And the fact that our tunnel was nearly done supported and inspired us.

The time for our escape drew near, but the nearer it came the less we seemed to enjoy the prospect. There is but one side on which this castle can be left with either dignity or safety; and as the main gate, and guard, and the chief street of the upper city are on this side, it is not to be thought of by escaping prisoners. In all other directions an abominable precipice surrounds the fortress, down the face of which (if anywhere at all) we must regain our liberty.

By our united labors in many a dark night, working with the utmost precaution against noise, we had made out to pierce the rampart near the southwest corner, in a place called the Devil's Elbow. From this point the breakneck precipice descended sheer among waste lands and scattered suburbs of the city. I had never the heart to look below for any length of time — the thought that I must make the descent some dark night robbing me of breath.

I don't know where the rope was found and doubt if I cared. It was not that which troubled me, but whether, now that we had it, it would serve our purpose. Its length, indeed, could be determined; but who was to tell us how that length compared with the way we had to go?

Day after day some of us would steal out to the Devil's Elbow and make estimates of the descent, either by a bare guess or the dropping of stones. But we dared not drop any large pebble lest the sentinels should hear, and those that we did drop we could not hear ourselves.

I looked upon these proceedings with laughter, and also with impatience and disgust. I cannot bear to see things botched, and the thought that some poor fellow was to hazard his bones under such conditions shocked me. Had I guessed the name of that unhappy first adventurer, my sentiments might have been livelier still.

The naming of this personage was indeed all that remained for us to do; and even in that we had advanced so far that the lot had fallen on Shed B. It had been determined to mingle the bitter and the sweet; and whoever went down first, all of his shed mates were to follow next in order. This caused a good deal of joy in Shed B, and would have caused more if it had not still remained to choose our pioneer. In view of our uncertainty as to the height of the precipice — and that

this gentleman was to climb down from fifty to seventy fathoms on a pitchy night, a little backwardness was, perhaps, excusable.

We discussed it in the dark and between the passing of the guard, and it was impossible for any body of men to show a less adventurous spirit. Some were persuaded that it was safe, but they had good reasons why some one else should make the trial. Others, again, condemned the whole idea as insane; among these was a seaman of the fleet. The height, he reminded us, was greater than the tallest ship's mast, the rope entirely free; and he as good as defied the boldest and strongest to succeed. At last our sergeant major of dragoons settled the difficulty.

"Comrades," said he, "I believe I rank you all; and for that reason, if you really wish it, I will be the first myself. At the same time you are to consider what the chances are that I may prove to be the last as well, for I am no longer young — I was sixty near a month ago."

"We cannot hear of such a thing!" said I. "M. Laclas is the oldest man here; and, as such, he should be the very last to offer. It is plain we must draw lots."

"No," said M. Laclas; "you put something else into my head. There is one here who is a noble by birth. Beside him, the rest of us are only rabble. Let Champdivers — let the noble go first."

THE ESCAPE FROM EDINBURGH CASTLE—II

I confess there was a notable pause before the noble in question got his voice. But any little hesitation I may have felt passed entirely unnoticed, from the lucky incident of a guard happening at that moment to go by.

As soon as he had passed I replied: "Certainly, gentlemen! I will give you a lead with all the pleasure in the world." And had I to go down that instant, I believe I could have carried it well. But it was already too late—the day was at hand. Nor was this the extent of my misfortune, for the next night and the night after were adorned with a perfect galaxy of stars that showed every cat that stirred within a quarter of a mile.

It was a good deal of a relief when the third evening closed about the castle with volumes of sea fog: five steps from one of the lanterns on the ramparts it was groping dark. We made haste to lie down. Had our jailers been upon the watch, they must have observed our conversation to die out unusually soon. Yet I doubt if any of us slept. Each lay in his place, tortured at once with the hope of liberty and the fear of a hateful death.

The guard call sounded; the hum of the town declined. On all sides of us, in their different quarters, we could hear the watchmen cry the hours along the street. At

length a fellow with a voice like a bull's began to roar in the opposite thoroughfare: "Past one o'clock and a dark foggy morning."

At which we were all silently afoot.

The tunnel was cleared, the stake driven, and the rope extended. As I moved forward to the place, many of my comrades caught my hand and wrung it, an attention I could well have done without.

Getting down on my elbows and knees, I took the rope in both hands and worked myself, feet foremost, through the tunnel. When the earth failed under me, I thought my heart would have stopped; and a moment after I was dancing in mid-air like a jumping jack.

The line was knotted at intervals of eighteen inches and it may seem as if it should have been easy to descend. The trouble was that the rope appeared to be inspired with life. It turned to the one side, paused for a moment, and then spun to the other side; slipped like an eel from the clasp of my feet, and dashed me at intervals against the rock. I had no eyes to see with, and I doubt if there was anything to see but darkness.

Of a sudden I knocked against the cliff with such a thump as almost bereft me of my senses; and, as reason twinkled back, I was amazed to find that I was in a state of rest, and that one of my feet was safely planted on a

ledge. I drew one of the sweetest breaths in my experience, hugged myself against the rope, and closed my eyes in a kind of ecstasy of relief.

It occurred to me next to see how far I was advanced on my unlucky journey. I looked up; there was nothing above me but the blackness of the night and the fog. I looked down and there upon a floor of darkness I beheld certain hazy lights. Before I had estimated my distance, a wave of nausea warned me to lie back and close my eyes. In this situation I had really but one wish, and that was something else to think of! Strange to say, I got it: a veil was torn from my mind and I saw what a fool I was — what fools we had all been — and that I had no business to be thus dangling between earth and heaven by my arms. The only thing to have done was to have attached me to a rope and lowered me; and I had never the wit to see it till that moment!

I filled my lungs, got a good hold on my rope, and once more launched myself on the descent. As it chanced, the worst of the danger was at an end. But I began to be light-headed and to be tempted to let go, arguing that I must have arrived within a few feet of the ground and could safely risk a fall.

All at once I came to a bearing on plain ground and had nearly wept aloud. My hands were as good as flayed,

my courage nearly exhausted, and my limbs shook under me with the violence of ague. But this was no time to give way. I had got myself alive out of that fortress, and now I must help the others, my comrades. There was about a fathom of rope to spare. I held it by the end and searched the whole ground thoroughly for anything to which I might fasten it. In vain: there grew there not so much as a bush of furze.

"Now then," thought I to myself, "here begins a new lesson. I am not strong enough to keep this rope extended, and if I do not keep it extended the next man will be dashed against the precipice. There is no reason why he should have my extravagant good luck. I see no reason why he should not fall — nor any place for him to fall on but my head."

From where I was now standing there was occasionally visible a lamp in one of the barrack windows, which gave me a measure of the height he had to fall, and the horrid force with which he must strike me. We had agreed to do without signals: every so many minutes another man was to be started from the battlements.

It seemed to me that I was about half an hour in my descent, and it was nearly as long again that I waited, straining on the rope, for my next comrade to start. I began to be afraid that our conspiracy was out, that my

friends were all secured, and that I should pass the remainder of the night, and be discovered in the morning, vainly clinging to the rope's end like a hooked fish.

I could not refrain from a chuckle of laughter at this ridiculous image. And the next moment I knew, by the jerking of the rope, that my friend had crawled out of the tunnel and was fairly launched on his descent.

It appears that it was the sailor who had insisted on succeeding me, as soon as my continued silence had assured him that the rope was long enough. But he paid pretty dearly for the privilege. Do as I would, I could not hold the rope as I wished ; and he ended at last by falling on me from a height of several yards, so that we both rolled together on the ground.

The third man came down quite easily, and the fourth man's descent was, of course, child's play. By the time there were ten of us collected, it occurred to me that, without the least injustice to my comrades, I might proceed to take care of myself.

Edinburgh (ĕd′ĭn bŭr rō). — **parole**: a release on promise to return. — **privates**: common soldiers. — **sheer**: straight up and down. — **livelier**: stronger. — **fathoms**: a fathom is a measure six feet in length. — **sergeant major of dragoons**: a noncommissioned officer whose duty is to instruct new soldiers. — **rank**: outrank; stand higher in official position. — **M. Laclas** (lá clä′) : M. is an abbreviation for monsieur (mō sȳ ēr), equivalent to Mr. or sir. — **rabble**: common, vulgar people. — **galaxy**: a splendid multitude. — **furze**: a thorny evergreen shrub.

SOCRATES

Socrates, who was born at Athens about 470 B.C., was a great teacher and one of the best and wisest men that ever lived.

He had no schoolhouse. His school was wherever he met people who were willing to listen to him; sometimes it was in their workshops, and sometimes it was in the market place. The lessons he gave them were simple talks about the best way of living.

Unlike most teachers he made no charge for his teaching. "I am only trying to help men to be good and honest," he said, "and, of course, I cannot take money for that."

Whenever he saw boys gathered on the street corners he would stop to listen to their conversation and then join in it. They all loved him.

In speaking of him, Alcibiades, one of the worst young men of Athens, said: "You, my fellow-citizens, think I have no shame in me, but when I hear Socrates speak my heart leaps up and my tears are poured out. I have heard Pericles himself and suffered nothing of the kind, nor was

my soul filled with self-reproach; but when Socrates speaks I stop my ears and flee away that I may not sit down beside him, and grow old in listening to his talk."

Presently people began to call Socrates the "Conscience of Athens"; and while men listened to him and answered his questions, they often carried away with them an uneasy sense of their own wrongdoing. Thus it came about that although he taught only what was good and true, he became more and more unpopular.

Finally his enemies accused him of interfering with the religion of the young. He was tried, declared guilty, and sentenced to drink hemlock poison, the Greek method of execution.

Socrates received this unjust sentence with noble dignity and composure. He closed his defense with these words: "My judges, we must now depart; you to live, and I to die. But which of us has the happier destiny is known only to God."

He drank the fatal cup of hemlock with the greatest calmness, as one, setting out on a happy journey, might drink to the health of the friends he left behind.

Socrates (sŏc′ra͡ tēs̲). — **Alcibiades** (ăl cĭ bī′a͡ dēs̲). — **Pericles** (pĕr′ĭ clēs̲): an able statesman of Athens. — **hemlock**: the poisonous hemlock is an herb having finely cut leaves and small white flowers.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

PLATO

PLATO was a Greek writer and philosopher who lived more than two thousand years ago. He was a pupil of Socrates and faithfully followed the principles of his illustrious teacher. His writings are mainly in the form of dialogues. *The Phædo*, from which this lesson is taken, describes the last hours of Socrates in prison.

Echecrates. Were you yourself, Phædo, in the prison with Socrates on that day when he drank the poison? or did you hear about it from some one else?

Phædo. I was there myself, Echecrates.

Echecrates. Then tell me, I pray you, what the man said before his death, and how he died.

Phædo. When he had spoken to us of many things Crito said, "Very well, Socrates; but how do you wish us to bury you?"

"Just as you please," he answered, "if you only get hold of me and do not let me escape you." And quietly laughing and glancing at us, he said: "I cannot persuade Crito that I am that Socrates who is now conversing with you; for his mind is full of the thought that I am he whom you will shortly behold dead, and so he asks how he shall bury me. Hence that long talk of mine to show you that after I have drunk the poison I shall be among you no longer, but shall go away to certain joys elsewhere.

But you must not say that it is Socrates who is carried forth to the grave. Rather should you be of good courage, and say that it is my body you are burying; and you may do that in whatever manner you please."

Then an officer came in and, standing by him, said: "I shall not have to reproach you, O Socrates, as I have others, with being angry with me when I came to tell them that they must drink the poison; for I know you as the noblest, gentlest, and best man of all that have ever been here. And now — for you know what it is that I have come to tell you — farewell." Upon this, bursting into tears, he turned and went away.

Socrates, looking after him, said: "May it fare well with you also! I will do what you have bidden." And to us he added, "Let the poison be brought, if it is already mixed."

With this, the jailer handed the cup to Socrates, who took it right cheerfully, and easily and blithely drank it off. We could not keep back our tears. But Socrates said: "What are you doing, you strange people? May not a man die in quiet?"

Then we were ashamed and still, and sat with him until the end.

Echecrates (ĕk ĕk′rą tēs). — **Phædo** (phē′dō).

BOUM-BOUM

JULES CLARETIE

JULES CLARETIE (zhul clăr sē) is a famous French journalist and author. He was born in 1840.

The child was lying in his white bed, his big eyes looking straight before him. At the foot of the bed his mother was wringing her hands to keep from crying, as she watched the poor little sufferer. The father, a hard-working mechanic, felt the tears burn his eyelids, but he, too, could do nothing.

It was a beautiful June morning, whose glory lighted up even the dark, narrow room where little François lay. He was seven years old, and only three weeks before he had been as fresh and rosy as a peach, and as gay as a sparrow. Then the fever had seized him, and they had brought him home from the public school with his head heavy and his hands very hot. From that time he had lain here in his bed, and sometimes in his delirium, when he looked at the little shoes which his mother had carefully blacked and placed in a corner, he would say, "Little François will not need them again. He is not going to school any more."

Then Jacques Legrand would cry out in his grief, "Oh, be still, my son!" And the mother would bury her face

in the pillow beside him so that he might not see her tears.

This morning, however, the child was not delirious. He was silent, sad, and pitifully restless. There was no smile on his thin face, and his eyes seemed seeking — seeking — what, his parents could not guess.

"Do you want anything, François?"

"No, nothing."

"Come, come," said the doctor, when he made his morning visit. "This will never do. We must rouse him somehow. You are his father and mother; you ought to know what would please him."

Yes, they knew what used to please him, — to go out into the fields on Sunday, and come back riding on his father's shoulder, half hidden in hawthorn branches. How could they please him now?

Jacques bought some gilt soldiers and made them dance about on the child's bed, but little François did not smile; he looked bewildered and tired.

"How should you like to have some marbles?" his father asked him. "If you will take your food nicely, I will get you some."

"No," said the child, dully.

"But a balloon, or a jumping jack," coaxed Jacques.

"No," repeated the tired little voice.

"Tell me what you would like, my son," begged his mother. "Surely there is something that would give you pleasure. Come, tell mother!" And she whispered softly in the sick boy's ear, as if it were a great secret. Then the child spoke suddenly, stretching out his thin hands with eager wistfulness.

"I want Boum-Boum!"

The poor woman cast a frightened look at her husband. What was the little one talking about? Was it the delirium coming back again?

"Yes," repeated François, "I want Boum-Boum."

"What does he mean, Jacques?" cried the mother. "What is Boum-Boum?"

Suddenly the father's face lighted up as he recalled a certain morning when he had taken François to the circus. He could still hear the child's happy laugh when the gorgeous clown, all glittering with gold, and with an immense many-colored butterfly sparkling on the back of his costume, came prancing into the ring. At each fresh antic and jest he would utter the same words, accompanied by a burst from the orchestra — *Boum-Boum! Boum-Boum!* — and every time it rang out the audience cheered and the little one joined in with his hearty laugh. This was Boum-Boum — the clown of the circus — whom little François was longing to see.

That evening Jacques brought the child a jointed clown, all stitched with spangles, for which he had paid four days' wages. But what was that? He would cheerfully have given a year's work to bring a smile to those pale lips. François looked at the plaything once and then said, "That is not Boum-Boum. I want to see Boum-Boum!"

Ah, if only Jacques could have bundled him up in his warm blankets and carried him to the circus! However, he did better than that. He went to the circus, asked for the clown's address, and timidly presented himself at the door. It was a very bold thing that he was going to do. It was no less than to ask Boum-Boum to come and say good morning to his little boy.

Alas! he was no longer Boum-Boum, but Monsieur Moreno, and he received Jacques in an elegant room filled with choice books and pictures. Stammering with fear and embarrassment, the workman made his astonishing request. When he had finished he was ghastly pale and drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. What could this great man do but send him away for the presumptuous fool that he was!

"Where do you live?" asked the clown.

"Very near!—indeed, monsieur, it is not at all far."

"Come, then," said the other. "Your little son is sick and wishes to see Boum-Boum. Very well; he shall see him."

When the door opened into the sick room, the boy's father could not contain his joy.

"See, my child!" he cried. "See, here is Boum-Boum!"

The child raised himself in his mother's arms, his eyes shining, to look at the gentleman in the overcoat, whose kind, pleasant face he did not know. Then he sank back again.

"No," he said, "that is not Boum-Boum."

The clown, standing by the bedside, gave the child a grave, tender look.

"He is quite right," he said. "This is not Boum-Boum." And he went out.

Suddenly — it was scarcely half an hour since the door had closed behind him — it flew open, and in his spangled suit, his yellow cap, with a gilded butterfly on his back and on his breast, and a wide smile on his chalk-whitened face, Boum-Boum, the true Boum-Boum of the circus, François' Boum-Boum appeared.

Lying in his little white bed the child clapped his tiny hands, — laughing, crying, happy, saved! — and shouted, "Brava! Brava! It is he, it is he, this time! It is Boum-Boum. Good morning, Boum-Boum!"

When the doctor came again he found, seated by the bedside, a fantastic figure who was stirring something

in a cup, and saying, "Drink this, my little man, or Boum-Boum will not come to see you again."

So the child drank.

"Is it good?"

"Very good, thank you, Boum-Boum."

"Doctor," said the clown, "do not be jealous, but does n't it seem to you that my grimaces are doing as much good as your prescriptions?"

Every day after that, until little François was well again, a carriage stopped before the workman's house, and a man enveloped in a huge overcoat disappeared within the doorway.

"What do I owe you, monsieur?" said Jacques, when at last the child was able to take his first walk.

The clown stretched out his hand.

"A shake of the hand, my friend," he said, "and permission to put upon my visiting card:

BOUM–BOUM

Acrobatic Doctor and Physician in Ordinary to Little François."

François (frän swä'): the French for Francis. — **Jacques** (zhäk): the French for James. — **Legrand**: (lę grän'). — **Boum-Boum** (bo͞om-bo͞om): an imitation of the sound of the drum. — **grimaces** (grĭ mă'çĕs̨): made-up faces. — **in ordinary**: in constant attendance.

CHAMPLAIN AT FONTAINEBLEAU — I

M. A. L. Lane

Mrs. M. A. L. Lane is an American editor and story-writer.

"Pardon me, monsieur, but is it possible to see the king? I am here at his command."

The speaker was a tall, striking-looking man, whose face, bronzed and roughened by exposure, was yet that of one used to courtly ways. He stood at the foot of the steps which swept upward, in the great curves of a horse-shoe, to the doors of the royal palace at Fontainebleau. The person beside him, who, in the bustle and hurry at the park gates, had not observed him, now looked up with instant recognition.

"It is Monsieur the Governor returned from New France!" he cried cordially. "His Majesty will be delighted. You have much to tell us, I hear."

"It is good of Monsieur the Duke to remember me," said Champlain. "I am to meet the Sieur de Monts. Has he arrived?"

"I think not," said the duke with a frown; "but we may find him inside. He haunts us day and night, I do assure you, as if the hunting of Canada beaver were all that France has to think of in these troublous times."

They entered the wide doorway as he spoke, between long lines of solemn lackeys who watched the handsome stranger with interest. Through the waiting groups in the next room they passed, the duke bowing with haughty courtesy to those nearest him. At the door of the audience room Champlain paused.

"I will await you here," he said with ready tact. "Only assure his Majesty of my prompt arrival."

The great minister nodded as he went into the room beyond and hastily closed the door behind him.

"Come, Rosny, you are late this morning," said the king, irritably. He tapped the table with his spectacle case as he spoke, and drew his shaggy eyebrows together in a frown.

The Duke de Sully, Baron de Rosny, made no attempt to defend himself, though he knew very well that it still lacked two minutes of the appointed time. With due humility he bent his knee and kissed the king's hand, before he laid upon the table a packet of papers.

"Your Majesty, it is plain that Condé—" he began, clearing his throat as if for a prolonged argument, but he got no farther.

"Saint Gris!" cried the king in a rage, "I will hear no more of Condé. Have you nothing of interest this glorious morning, that you must prate to me of Condé?"

Sully was used to his master's whims and knew when to indulge them. It was plain that for the present, business was out of the question.

"Monsieur de Champlain awaits your pleasure, sire," he said, replacing the packet in his coat with apparent indifference. The king sprang to his feet.

"What! My gallant explorer cooling his heels in the anteroom while you badger me here? Bid him come in at once, Rosny!"

Sully's manner was that of the trained and obedient courtier, but a close observer might have detected signs of impatience in his shrewd countenance. Without other response, however, than a bow and a slight shrug of his shoulders, which the king pretended not to notice, the duke turned to admit the favored visitor.

Champlain, as he entered, had in his hand a box neatly fashioned of birch bark, which instantly caught the quick eye of his sovereign.

"Ah, Monsieur the Governor," he cried, as soon as he had received Champlain's respectful homage; "do you bring me the keys of your citadel?"

"Tribute, sire," said Champlain, with a playful smile. Opening the box he drew from it two brilliant birds, and an Indian belt decorated with the dried quills of the Canada porcupine. Henry seized them with boyish eagerness.

"Tell me about it all," he demanded, as a child would ask for a fairy tale.

"But Monsieur de Monts will shortly be here," Champlain ventured to remind him.

"Oh, I am tired of the Sieur de Monts and his fur trade," cried the king, impatiently. "I count myself fortunate in having you alone. We will not wait for him."

CHAMPLAIN AT FONTAINEBLEAU — II

The three men, as they gathered around the table, formed an interesting group, — Henry IV of France, short, strong-armed, deep-chested, with a bold profile, a bristling gray mustache, and a frank smile; Sully, tall and vigorous but also gray and somewhat bald, his stern face looking like that of a Greek statue beside the irregular features of the king; and Champlain, in the full vigor of his forty-three years, earnest, wise, virtuous, and valiant, — every inch a soldier and a gentleman.

"Your Majesty must forgive me if I make my story too long," Champlain began with the easy speech which had won the attention of very different listeners. "You will perhaps remember that on our first voyage we found it impossible to ascend the great river beyond the rapids near Mt. Royal."

The king nodded. "The place where Cartier found an Indian town seventy or more years ago," said he.

"The same, sire — a town of which we saw little or no trace. But many miles nearer the mouth of the river there is a rocky headland, the location of which is unequaled. Here we have established our fort."

"Describe it," said the king, his military ardor awakened at once.

"It would seem a poor affair in your eyes, sire," said Champlain, smiling as he thought of the little log huts. "But it is sufficient. The savages know nothing of fire-arms, and strong wooden walls are all the defense that we need. We have planted three cannon facing the river, — like this, your Majesty."

Champlain had seized a scrap of paper and was busily sketching a rude outline of his fortifications. "We have named it Quebec, — which means 'where the river is closed,' or 'a strait.' It is a magnificent site for a fort."

Champlain's eager glance kindled a spark in the duller eyes of King Henry. "I envy you," the monarch said, and for the moment he spoke the truth. "Were I plain Henry of Navarre once more, I would go back with you across the sea. But you have seen hardship, monsieur."

"Yes, sire," said Champlain, gravely. "Hunger and cold, sickness and suffering, — we have known them all. Of the twenty-eight who began the winter there, only eight were left when the ships came in the spring. Outside our gates swarmed crowds of starving Indians begging for food, and protection against their enemies, the Iroquois."

"The what?" interrupted Henry.

"A hostile tribe of Indians," Champlain hastened to explain. "Our Indian neighbors are Algonquins. They

live like butterflies, making little or no provision for the winter's need. Tilling the soil is unknown among them, and they suffer bitterly every year during the long cold months."

"Why did you not settle further south?" asked Sully, who had been listening with interest to the recital.

"We made the attempt some years ago," answered Champlain, smiling. "It is a curious country. The farther south you go the colder you are. At least that was our experience."

"And have you never ascended these rapids?" Henry asked, as he bent over the map Champlain had been drawing.

"I was about to say," Champlain went on, "that I have pushed my explorations many miles beyond that point. It is there, sire," pointing to the present site of Montreal, "that I would establish a trading post for the fur trade."

"Forbidden subject!" cried the king, laughing. "But it is a fine place for a mission. However, Monsieur the Governor, we would hear the end of your story."

"The country above the rapids," Champlain went on, "is rich and fertile. The river widens as one ascends, and great islands divide its waters. To the south are the mountains where the Iroquois hunt, and in the valleys

are the villages where they dwell. There, too, is a beautiful lake, and we hear of a greater one beyond, the shores of which are rich in copper. I have even a hope of finding through these waters a western route to the Indies. Above all, sire, this is a glorious opportunity to bring these poor savages to a knowledge of our holy religion."

Henry was by no means a devout man, and he listened with some embarrassment to this part of the story.

"You are a naturalist, monsieur," he hastened to say. "Have you nothing new to show us?"

Champlain drew carefully from his pocket a brown object which he laid upon the table.

"This, I confess, gave us much amusement," he answered. "We found many like it along the coast to the south. It is a species of crab."

Henry took up the hard, dry shell, with its sharply pointed end. "It is like a horseshoe," he said. "Is it good luck, monsieur?"

"Would it not be well, your Majesty," broke in Sully, "to hear more of these new subjects of yours who are likely to cause trouble if we do not understand their nature and their ways?"

"My good Rosny, you are determined that I shall not play this morning," said the king. "He is a tyrant, monsieur, but he is a wise one after all. See, I will keep

the crab shell for little Louis; it will please him. And now let us hear of the Indians."

"I shall be glad to have your Majesty approve my action," said Champlain, seriously. "We found, as I said, that the country round about us is inhabited by Algonquin tribes who are disposed to be friendly and grateful. These Indians are always at war with other savages — the Iroquois, of whom we have spoken. War parties are continually making the ascent of the river into the very region which will be most valuable to us."

"And you have joined forces with them?" the king interposed.

"Exactly, sire," was Champlain's prompt answer. "An Algonquin chief asked my aid and I gave it gladly. It was after we had passed the rapids that we came into conflict with the Iroquois. It was a small affair. Your Majesty would scarcely have called it a battle. Our guns frightened away more than they killed, but the decisive step is taken. France and the Iroquois are at war."

Henry looked up with a quizzical smile. "It appears that you have varied talents, monsieur," he said somewhat shortly. "It has always been my privilege to declare war."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when Champlain's evident distress disarmed the good-humored king.

"Come, come," he said, "you may dare to do as much as that in this new country of yours. But remember that your first duty is to France."

"And to the church," added Champlain, fervently. "We will plant the fleur-de-lis on every mountain and by every shore, and when that rugged rock shall blossom with the roses which I carry back with me, no fair lands in this country, sire, will tempt me to cross seas again."

Sully had arisen from his seat, and stood by the door. "The Sieur de Monts," he announced as Champlain paused.

"And the fur trade!" sighed the king, under his breath. "Let him come in."

Champlain (shăm plān′): a French explorer who founded the city of Quebec in 1608. — **Fontainebleau** (fôN tăn blō′): a town of France, celebrated for its royal palace. — **New France**: a name given to the French colonies of Canada. — **Sieur de Monts** (sy̆ ẽr dẹ môN): a French nobleman associated with Champlain. — **Rosny** (rō nē̆), **Duke de Sully** (dẹ sụ lē̆): a famous statesman. The English pronunciation of his name is *sŭl′ĭ*. — **Condé** (côn dē̆): a French prince, father of the great general Condé. — **Saint Gris** (săN grē̆): an old French oath. — **sire**: lord or master, a title of respect used in addressing a sovereign. — **badger**: worry. — **citadel**: a fortress in or near a fortified city. — **tribute**: anything paid by one nation to another as acknowledgment of submission. — **Henry IV**: also known as Henry of Navarre (nȧ văr); he succeeded to the throne of France in 1589. — **Mt. Royal**: a mountain near the head of the St. Lawrence River, from which the city of Montreal derives its name. — **Iroquois** (ĭr ô kwoi): a warlike confederacy of Indian tribes, formerly inhabiting central New York. — **fleur-de-lis** (flēr dẹ lĭ): flower of the lily, the royal insignia of France.

GARETH

ALFRED TENNYSON

NOTE. Gareth (gâr′ĕth), according to the old chronicle, was a young man of noble birth who was eager to become a knight; but his mother was unwilling to part from the last of her sons. For a long time the lad, chafing at the restraint in which he was held, pleaded for her permission to go to court. The following lines are taken from Tennyson's poem, *Gareth and Lynette*, which follows in the main Sir Thomas Malory's story (see the succeeding lesson). Gareth has been speaking of his heart's desire.

To whom the mother said: . . . "Yet, wilt thou leave
Thine easeful biding here, and risk thine all,
Life, limbs, for one that is not proven king?
Stay, till the cloud that settles round his birth
Hath lifted but a little. Stay, sweet son."

And Gareth answered quickly, "Not an hour,
So that ye yield me — I will walk through fire,
Mother, to gain it — your full leave to go.
Not proven, — who swept the dust of ruined Rome
From off the threshold of the realm, and crushed
The idolaters, and made the people free?
Who should be king save him who makes us free?

So when the queen, who long had sought in vain
To break him from the intent to which he grew,

Found her son's will unwaveringly one,
She answered craftily: "Will ye walk through fire?
Who walks through fire will hardly heed the smoke.
Ay, go then, an ye must; only one proof,
Before thou ask the king to make thee knight,
Of thine obedience and thy love to me,
Thy mother, — I demand."

And Gareth cried:
"A hard one, or a hundred, so I go. . . ."

But slowly spake the mother, looking at him:
"Prince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's hall,
And hire thyself to serve for meats and drinks
Among the scullions and the kitchen-knaves. . . .
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to any one.
And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth and a day."

For so the queen believed that when her son
Beheld his only way to glory lead
Low down through villain kitchen-vassalage,
Her own true Gareth was too princely-proud
To pass thereby; so should he rest with her,
Closed in her castle from the sound of arms.

Silent awhile was Gareth, then replied:
"The thrall in person may be free in soul,

And I shall see the jousts. Thy son am I,
And, since thou art my mother, must obey.
I therefore yield me freely to thy will;
For hence will I, disguised, and hire myself
To serve with scullions and with kitchen-knaves;
Nor tell my name to any — no, not the king."

Gareth awhile lingered. The mother's eye
Full of the wistful fear that he would go,
And turning toward him whereso'er he turned,
Perplexed his outward purpose, till an hour,
When wakened by the wind which with full voice
Swept bellowing through the darkness on to dawn,
He rose, and out of slumber calling two
That still had tended on him from his birth,
Before the wakeful mother heard him, went. . . .

Southward they set their faces. The birds made
Melody on branch, and melody in mid air . . .
For it was past the time of Easterday.

easeful biding: comfortable living. — **proven king**: King Arthur, ruler over Britain, around whose early life there was some mystery, had not at this time been generally acknowledged as the rightful king. — **ruined Rome**: Britain was at one time a Roman province. — **unwaveringly one**: still the same. — **an**: if. — **knight**: a man admitted to a certain military rank on taking an oath to protect the distressed, maintain the right, and live a stainless life. — **villain**: low, common. — **vassalage**: service. — **rest**: stay. — **closed**: guarded. — **jousts**: mock fights between knights on horseback. — **hence will I**: hence will I go.

THE ADVENTURE OF SIR BEAUMAINS—I

SIR THOMAS MALORY

SIR THOMAS MALORY (about 1430–1470) was an English knight who collected and translated the legends of King Arthur and the Round Table.

NOTE. King Arthur, a semimythical king of England, founded an order of knighthood known as the Round Table. His knights were "a glorious company, the flower of men." Chief among them was Sir Lancelot, though none could surpass the king himself in strength and courage.

As King Arthur sat in his banquet hall with his knights around him there came in a damsel who saluted him and begged for his help.

"Sire," said she, "my sister is a great lady, but she is besieged by a tyrant so that she may not go out of her castle; and because the knights of this court are known as the noblest in all the world I come hither to pray for assistance."

"Who is your sister?" asked the king.

"That I may not tell," answered the damsel.

"And who is the tyrant that doth besiege the lady?" the king asked her.

"He is called the Red Knight of the Redlands," said she.

"I know him not," said Arthur.

"But I know him, sire," said Sir Gawain, "and he is one of the most dangerous knights in all the world. Men

say that he has the strength of seven, and from him I myself once barely escaped with life."

"Fair damsel," said the king, "there be many knights here that would gladly rescue thy sister, but unless I know her name and where she dwells, not one shall go."

Now there was a young lad who served in the king's kitchen, — a fair youth and one of great stature. A year before this time he had come to the king as he sat at meat and begged three gifts of him. And being asked what gifts, he answered: "They shall not be unreasonable, nor shall they cause you hurt or loss. The first I will ask for now, but the second and third I will not ask for until a year from to-day."

"Ask," said Arthur. "and you shall have what you ask for."

"Then, sire," said the youth, "give me meat and drink for twelve months, and at that time I will ask for my two other favors."

"This is but a simple asking," said the king. "Surely ye may have meat and drink enough"; for the lad was a goodly youth and Arthur guessed that he was of honorable birth. So he was given into the hands of Sir Kay, the steward.

Now Sir Kay scorned and mocked at him, calling him Beaumains because his hands were so fair and white. For

twelve months the lad served in the kitchen and was faithful and obedient, but Sir Kay had no good word for him. And Sir Lancelot and Sir Gawain were angered at seeing him mistreated, and showed him all gentleness and courtesy.

And at this time, while the damsel was there, Beaumains came to the king and said, "Sire, I thank you for your kindness to me during the past twelve months, and now I will ask you for my other two gifts."

"Ask," said Arthur; "I will keep faith with you."

"Then, sire," said he, "these shall be my two gifts: — one, that I may undertake this adventure of the damsel; the other, that you shall bid Sir Lancelot to make me a knight, for of him and of none other will I have that honor."

"All this shall be done," said the king.

Then the damsel was angry indeed. "Shall I have a kitchen page for this adventure?" said she; and she took her horse and departed.

With that there came to Beaumains a messenger who told him that a dwarf with a fine horse and armor was waiting for him in the courtyard. Then all those present marveled whence these things came. And when he was armed, scarce a knight among them was goodlier to look upon than he. Coming into the hall, he took his leave of the king and of Sir Gawain, and prayed Sir Lancelot to follow him.

So he mounted for his adventure and many went out to behold his horse and its splendid trappings; yet he had neither shield nor spear. And he rode after the damsel.

Then Sir Kay cried, "I will ride after this kitchen boy and see if he will obey me now."

So taking his horse and his spear he rode after the lad, and overtook him just as Beaumains had come up with the damsel.

"What, Beaumains!" cried Sir Kay; "do you not know me?"

"I know you for an ungentle knight," said Beaumains; "therefore beware of me."

Then Sir Kay put his spear in rest and ran at him, but Beaumains pushed the spear aside and struck Sir Kay so that he fell down as if dead. Then the lad took the shield and spear and rode on.

By this time Sir Lancelot had come up and Beaumains offered to tilt with him. Each made ready and they came together so fiercely that both were thrown to the ground. Then Beaumains, flinging away his spear, offered to fight with Sir Lancelot on foot, and for the space of an hour they fought — striking, thrusting, parrying. And Lancelot marveled at the lad's strength and said: "Fight not so sorely, man! Our quarrel is not so great but we may now cease."

"True," said Beaumains, "but it does me good to feel thy might."

"It was as much as I could do to save myself unshamed," said Lancelot. "You need therefore be in no fear of any other knight."

"May I then stand as proved?" cried Beaumains.

"For that I will be your warrant," said Lancelot.

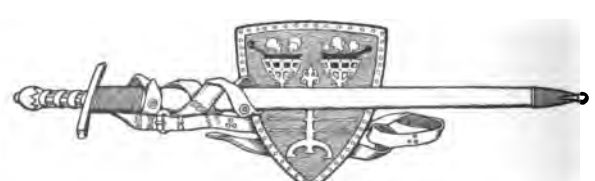
"Then, I pray thee," said the lad, "give me the order of knighthood."

"First," said Sir Lancelot, "I must know your name and kindred."

"My name is Gareth," said Beaumains, "and I am own brother to Sir Gawain, though he knows it not."

"Ah!" said Sir Lancelot. "I knew thee to be of gentle breeding."

Then, after he had knighted Beaumains, they parted company, and Sir Lancelot, returning to the court, took up the wounded Sir Kay upon his shield. And all men blamed Sir Kay for his ungentle treatment of so brave a knight as Beaumains.



THE ADVENTURE OF SIR BEAUMAINS — II

Sir Beaumains soon overtook the damsel, but she said to him in scorn: "Turn back, base kitchen page! What art thou but a washer of dishes?"

"Damsel," said he, courteously, "say what you will. I shall not give up this adventure."

"Fie upon thee!" she answered him. "Soon we shall meet one whose face thou wilt not dare to look at."

"I shall attempt it," said he.

So, as they rode on, they met a man fleeing as if for his life.

"Whither goest thou?" cried Sir Beaumains.

"O, Sir Knight," said the man, "help me! In a valley near by there are six thieves who have taken my master and bound him, and, I fear, are about to slay him."

"Bring me to him," said Sir Beaumains, and he rode after the thieves and slew them all.

Then he returned and unbound the knight, who thanked him and prayed him to ride to his castle. So they all rode thither, but the damsel still scoffed at Sir Beaumains as a kitchen boy, until their host set the lad's meat at a side table as if he were not of their company.

On the morrow the damsel and Sir Beaumains rode on their way until they came to a great forest through which

flowed a river, and on the farther side stood two knights to bar their passage.

"What say you, kitchen boy?" said the damsel. "Will you match those two knights or will you go back?"

"I would not go back," said Beaumains, "if there were six of them"; and he rode his horse into the middle of the stream.

The first knight met him in the river and the second fell upon him as soon as he reached the shore, but after many blows Beaumains came off conqueror.

"'T was but by chance," said the damsel, scornfully.

"Well, damsel," said he, "say what you will. Wherever you go I shall follow."

So they rode on until evening, and still the damsel scoffed at Sir Beaumains without ceasing. Thus they came to a black hawthorn tree, and hard by sat a knight dressed in black armor. When the damsel caught sight of him she cried out to Beaumains, "Flee down the valley for your life."

"You will always treat me as a coward," he answered her.

With that the Black Knight came to the damsel and said, "Fair lady, have you brought this knight from Arthur's court to be your champion?"

"Nay, Sir Knight," said she; "this is but a kitchen knave."

"Why comes he then in this fashion?" asked the knight; "and why is he in your company?"

"I am eager to be rid of him," said the damsel, "but he will not leave me. You may slay him if you like, for he has done many marvelous deeds through pure mischance."

"Truly, he looks like a strong man," said the knight, "and I would do him no great harm. However, I will take his horse and his armor from him since you so desire."

When Sir Beaumains heard this he said: "You are very free with my horse and my harness, Sir Knight. Neither of them will you get from me unless you can win them with your hands. Come, let me see what you can do."

Then they drove their horses at each other and came together in a crash like thunder. And the Black Knight smote Sir Beaumains with fierce and mighty blows, but in the end he was overcome. Then Sir Beaumains armed himself in the Black Knight's armor and rode on after the damsel.

"Alas," said she, "that so mean a knave should chance to conquer a knight! Yet I counsel you to flee, for hard by is one who will surely pay you in full for what you have done."

"It may be," said Beaumains, "that I shall be beaten or slain, but I will not leave you for all that you can say."

As they rode on together they met another knight, dressed in green, who cried out to the damsel, "Is that my brother, the Black Knight, who is with you?"

"Nay," said the damsel, "it is only a kitchen knave who has slain thy brother through mischance."

"He shall die for that!" cried the Green Knight, riding straight at Sir Beaumains to kill him. And the damsel cheered the Green Knight. Then did Sir Beaumains give the knight such a blow that he fell to the ground, whereupon he yielded and begged for his life.

"All your prayers are vain," said Sir Beaumains, "unless this damsel who came with me will beg me to spare your life."

"That I will never do," cried the damsel.

"Alas, fair lady," said the Green Knight, "will you see me die when a word would save me?"

"Slay him not," said the damsel, angrily, to Beaumains, "for if you do you will repent it."

"Damsel," said Sir Beaumains, "your will is my pleasure. Sir Knight, at this lady's request I set you free!"

Then the knight kneeled down and did him homage with his sword, and said, "Lodge with me this night and to-morrow I will guide you through the forest." So, taking their horses, they rode with him to his castle which was near by.

THE ADVENTURE OF SIR BEAUMAINS — III

Yet still the damsel mocked at Sir Beaumains and would not suffer him to sit at her table.

"I marvel," said the Green Knight to her, "that you so chide this noble knight. I warn you that you do great wrong." But of all this the damsel would take no heed.

On the morrow, when the Green Knight had led them through the forest, he departed from them. Then said the damsel to Sir Beaumains: "Why do you follow me, kitchen boy? Throw away your spear and shield and flee for your life, for were you as strong as Lancelot you could not pass a place here that is called the Pass Perilous."

"Damsel," said he, "it would be a shameful thing to turn and flee after so long a journey."

"Ah, well," said she, lightly, "you must flee soon, whether you will or no."

As she spoke they came to a tower as white as snow, and a knight, armed at all points, rode forth to meet them. His horse and harness, and his shield and spear were red in color. When he came near Sir Beaumains and saw his black armor he thought the lady's companion was the Black Knight, and cried out to him, "Brother, what do you here within these borders?"

"Nay," said the damsel, "it is not your brother, but a kitchen knave from King Arthur's court, who has overcome both your brothers. Take your revenge, else I shall never be rid of him."

Then the two knights made ready and rode at each other so fiercely that their horses were thrown, and they were forced to fight on foot for the space of two hours, but at last Beaumains overcame his foe.

"Slay me not," begged the Red Knight, "and I will yield to thee with fifty knights that do my bidding."

"All this avails not," said Sir Beaumains, "unless the damsel will entreat me to spare thy life."

"Slay him not, Beaumains," said the damsel, "for he is a noble knight."

Then Sir Beaumains made him rise up and thank the damsel, and they all supped together and made merry.

Now, on the morrow, as they rode, the damsel tormented Beaumains as before. "Damsel," he said to her, "you are discourteous always to rebuke me, for I have done you service. I pray you chide me no more until I show myself beaten or a coward."

"That will be soon, O boaster," she said; "for we shall shortly meet the greatest knight, except King Arthur, in all the world."

"Let him come," said Beaumains, "and do his worst."

"Sir," she said, "I marvel at your boldness, but I pray you to save yourself, for I fear some harm may come to you. It must be that you are of noble blood, for never did woman revile knight as I have done, and yet you have been ever courteous to me."

"Lady," said Beaumains, "a knight is worth but little who cannot be patient with a woman. But whether I am of gentle blood or no, I have done you gentle service and may do better still ere I depart from you."

"Alas," said she, "forgive me, sir, for all that I have said and done against you."

"With all my heart," he answered, "and now, since you speak fairly to me, there is no knight living that I fear to meet."

Then the damsel and Sir Beaumains rode on through a forest to a large plain, where they saw many pavilions and tents and a fair castle, with double moats around its walls. And the damsel said: "See you that ivory horn that hangs upon the sycamore tree? The Knight of the Redlands hath hung it there, that any knight may blow thereon, and then will he come out and fight. But I pray you, Sir Beaumains, sound it not until high noon, for before that time his strength is as the strength of seven men."

"Let that be so, fair damsel," he said; "but I will meet him at his mightiest."

Then he rode swiftly to the sycamore tree and blew the ivory horn so eagerly that the walls of the castle rang. Instantly all the knights in the pavilions ran forth, and the damsel's sister, the Lady Lyonors, looked from her window to see her champion. And the Knight of the Redlands, arming himself quickly in his blood-red armor, rode out into a little valley so that all in the castle might see the battle.

"Be of good cheer," said the damsel to Beaumains; "at yonder window is my sister whom you are to save."

"In good sooth," said Sir Beaumains, "she is the fairest lady I have ever seen."

Then called the Knight of the Redlands, "Leave thy gazing, Sir Knight, and look at me!"

Sir Beaumains made the damsel go from him, and the two knights put their spears in the rests and came together with all their might, so that they fell to the ground. And they lay there so long a time that many deemed their necks were broken. And all men said the strange knight was a strong man, for none had ever yet so matched the Knight of the Redlands.

But, after a while, they rose, and fought furiously with their swords. Thus they endured and struggled until the evening and none knew which would win. But in the end the Knight of the Redlands yielded to Beaumains.

Then prayed the earls and knights and barons who stood around Sir Beaumains, that he would be merciful.

"Truly," replied Beaumains, "I am loth to slay him, and for your sakes I will release him. But on this agreement only shall he hold his life — that he go to the lady and make her ample amends for all that she has suffered from him."

"This I will do," said the Knight of the Redlands.

Then came the damsel to Sir Beaumains and bound up his wounds. And while he rested in his tent everything was done for his pleasure.

Adapted by M. A. L. Lane

Beaumains (bō mȧN) : fair hands. — **Gawain** (gȧ′wan) : one of the leading knights at King Arthur's court. — **order of knighthood** : the title of knight was an honor greatly coveted in those days. — **unshamed** : unashamed. — **did him homage** : a ceremony by which a man formally acknowledged the rulership of another.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Not very far from Haverhill, Massachusetts, stands the old house where, in December, 1807, John Greenleaf Whittier was born. It was the family homestead, having been built near the close of the seventeenth century by an ancestor of the poet. In *Snow-Bound* we may read a description of it and of the daily life of the Quaker household. In summer, as Whittier says of it elsewhere, "it was surrounded by woods in all directions save where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista of low, green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland. Through these a small brook — noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky falls by our garden side — wound silently to a still larger stream."

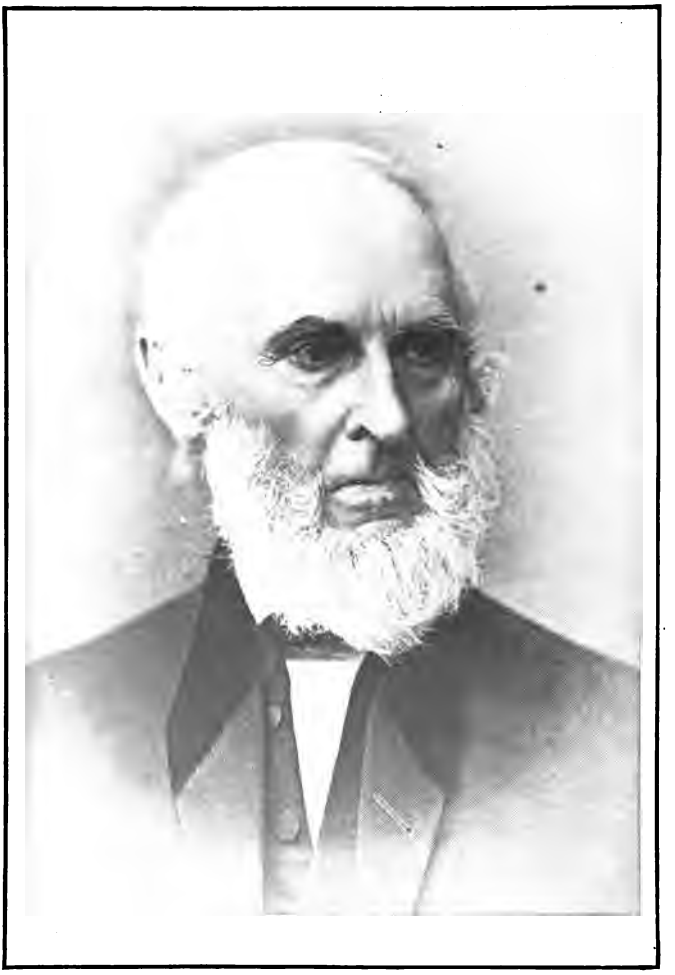
Whittier's boyhood was like that of other farmers' sons of that time. Every winter he went to the district school for a few weeks, but as soon as warm weather came, the work of the farm claimed him. In his *Barefoot Boy* he looks back upon joyous summers spent out of doors, and though he worked hard and had only simple pleasures, his childhood was a happy one.

One day his schoolmaster, who, according to the custom of the time, lived in turn with the families of his pupils,

gave Greenleaf a book. It was a copy of Burns's poems, and the boy had already, with keen delight, heard it read aloud by the fireside. From that day his ambition was fixed; he too would be a poet.

His first verses were written on the beam of his mother's loom in place of a desk, and he read them to an eager audience of three,—his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, and the gentle mother herself. They encouraged him to have his poems printed, and soon he had many admiring readers. But the young man was troubled by his lack of training, and he finally gained his father's permission to spend a year at the new academy just opened in Haverhill. Greenleaf paid for his tuition himself, earning some of the money by making slippers. So closely did he calculate his expenses beforehand, that the twenty-five cents, which he expected to have left at the end of the half year, actually formed his capital at that time. By teaching and bookkeeping he managed to make out a full year of study, and was ready at twenty-one to enter a Boston printing office.

Before long Whittier was editing a paper of his own, and rapidly growing famous for his courage in defending the weak and oppressed. If he had not been so young, he would no doubt have been sent to Congress, for his keen interest in politics, and his engaging personality, made him a strong candidate. But already he had shown his



willingness to side with an unpopular cause, if he thought that fairness and truth demanded it, and this soon wrecked his political hopes. His poetry, which at first was merely sweet and musical, now begins to show a fierce eagerness to make men think, and to rouse their love of justice and freedom. In the introduction to the first collection of his poems in 1857, after a few modest regrets for his lack of melodious expression, he says, —

> Yet here at least an earnest sense
> Of human right and weal is shown;
> A hate of tyranny intense,
> And hearty in its vehemence,
> As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

This, indeed, was the keynote of all his greatest work — the sense of human brotherhood and the need of mutual helpfulness and love.

Whittier's poems are of many kinds. Some are exquisite bits of description; some are quaintly told legends; some, like *In School Days* and *My Playmate*, are memories of his childhood; others sing of the dignity of labor and the glory of freedom. They are all simple, direct, and true, like the man himself.

Though Whittier was always an invalid, he lived to be an old man. He never lost his courage or his cheerfulness, but met sickness and suffering bravely. When he died, in 1892, New England lost one of her best loved sons.

MY PLAYMATE

JOHN G. WHITTIER

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom. . . .

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice;
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours, —
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea, —
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

Ramoth hill: a hill not far from Whittier's early home. He gave it this musical name to please the publisher of his poem. — **kine**: cows. — **veery**: a bird noted for its sweet singing.

THE SHOEMAKER — I

CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS (1812–1870) was one of the great English novelists.

NOTE. Doctor Manette is a French physician who, years before *The Tale of Two Cities* begins, was secretly carried off and imprisoned by powerful enemies. His wife dies in ignorance of her husband's fate, and their daughter, Lucie, grows up believing him to be dead. When she learns that he still lives, though sadly shattered in mind and body, she goes at once to find him, under the guidance of her old English friend, Mr. Lorry, and Doctor Manette's former servant, Defarge. The story of their meeting is told in the following lesson.

The garret was dark, for the window was in truth a door in the roof, closing up the middle in two pieces like any other door of French construction. To exclude the cold, one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. So scanty was the portion of light admitted that it was difficult, on first coming in, to see anything; and long habit alone could have enabled one to work in such obscurity. Yet work requiring some nicety was being done here, for, with his back toward the door and his face toward the window, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, making shoes.

"Good day!" said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking.

A faint voice responded, as if it were at a distance, "Good day!"

"You are still hard at work, I see."

After a long silence the head was lifted and the voice replied, "Yes, I am working." This time a pair of haggard eyes looked at the questioner.

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long ago.

The open half-door was opened a little further and secured at that angle for the time. A broad ray of light fell into the garret, and showed the workman with an unfinished shoe in his hand, pausing in his labor. His few common tools and various scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. He, and his old canvas frock, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes had, in a long seclusion from direct light and air, faded down to such a dull uniformity of parchment yellow that it would have been hard to say which was which.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door. When he had stood for a minute or two by the side of Defarge, the shoemaker looked up. He showed no surprise at seeing another figure, but the unsteady fingers of one of his hands strayed to his lips as he looked at it. Then the hand dropped to his work and he once more bent over the shoe.

"Come!" said Defarge. "Here is monsieur who knows a well-made shoe when he sees one. Show him that shoe you are working at."

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

"Tell monsieur what kind of shoe it is, and the maker's name."

There was a long pause before the shoemaker replied: "I forgot what it was you asked me. What did you say?"

"I said, can't you describe the kind of shoe it is?"

"It is a lady's shoe. It is in the present mode. I never saw the mode. I have had a pattern in my hand." He glanced at the shoe with some little passing touch of pride.

"And the maker's name?" said Defarge.

"Did you ask me for my name?"

"Assuredly I did."

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

"Is that all?"

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

With a weary sound that was not a sigh nor a groan, he bent to work again.

"You are not a shoemaker by trade?" said Mr. Lorry, looking steadfastly at him.

His haggard eyes turned to Defarge as if he would have transferred the question to him, but no help came from that quarter.

"I am not a shoemaker by trade? No: I learned it here. I taught myself."

"Monsieur Manette," said Mr. Lorry, "do you remember me?"

The shoe dropped to the ground, and he sat looking sharply at the questioner.

"Monsieur Manette," said Mr. Lorry, "look at this man! Look at me! Is there no old banker, no old business, no old servant, no old time, rising in your mind, Monsieur Manette?"

As the captive of many years sat looking fixedly by turns at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some trace of an active intelligence forced itself through the mist that had fallen upon him. And so exactly was the expression repeated on the face of her who now stood nearer him, that it looked as if it had passed like a moving light from him to her.

She had moved from the wall of the garret very near to the bench on which he sat. Not a word was spoken, not a sound was made. She stood, like a spirit, beside him, and he bent over his work.

THE SHOEMAKER — II

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand for his shoemaker's knife. He had taken it up and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He stared at her with a fearful look, and in the pauses of his quick and labored breathing he was heard to say, "What is this?"

With the tears streaming down her face she put her hands to her lips and kissed them to him. Then she clasped them on her breast as if she laid his ruined head there.

"You are not the jailer's daughter?"

She sighed, "No."

"Who are you?"

Not yet trusting the tones of her voice, she sat down on the bench beside him and laid her hand upon his arm. Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls, fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took up a curl and looked at it. Then he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded rag attached to it. He opened this, carefully, on his knee; it contained one or two long golden hairs, which he had, in some old day, wound off upon his finger.

He took her hair into his hand again, and looked closely at it. "It is the same. How can it be? How was it?"

He turned her full to the light and looked at her.

"She had laid her head upon my shoulder, that night when I was summoned out, and when I was brought to the North Tower, they found these upon my sleeve. 'You will leave me them? They can never help me to escape in the body, though they may in the spirit.' Those were the words I said. I remember them very well."

He formed this speech many times with his lips before he could utter it.

"How was this? Was it *you?*"

The two spectators started, but she sat perfectly still in his grasp, and only said in a low voice, "I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not speak, do not move!"

"Hark!" he exclaimed. "Whose voice was that?"

Then his hands released her and he refolded his little packet; but he still looked at her, and gloomily shook his head.

"No, no, no; you are too young, too blooming. What is your name, my gentle angel?"

Rejoicing at his softened tone and manner, his daughter fell upon her knees before him.

"Oh, sir, at another time you shall know my name and who my mother was, and who my father, and how I never

knew their hard, hard history. All that I may tell you now is that I pray you to touch me and bless me. Oh, my dear, my dear!"

Her radiant hair warmed and lighted his white head as though it were the light of freedom shining on him.

"If you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that once was sweet music in your ears, weep for it, weep for it! If, when I hint to you of a home that lies before us, where I will be true to you with all my duty and with all my faithful service, I bring back the remembrance of a home long desolate, weep for it, weep for it!"

She held him closer round the neck, and rocked him on her breast like a child.

"If when I tell you, dearest dear, that your agony is over, and that we go to England to be at peace and at rest, I cause you to think of your useful life laid waste, weep for it! And if, when I tell you my name, you learn that I have to kneel to my father and implore his pardon for having never wept and striven for his sake, because the love of my poor mother hid his torture from me, weep for her and then for me! Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face and his sobs strike against my heart. Thank God for us, thank God!"

Defarge (dă färzh). — **parchment**: the skin of a sheep, or other animal, so prepared that it may be written upon. — **mode**: fashion.

REVELATION

Robert Browning

Robert Browning, an eminent English poet, was born near London in 1812, and died in Venice, Italy, in 1889. His poems are written in a style peculiarly his own, and while they are often difficult to understand, they well repay a careful study. Browning is, perhaps, more widely read than any other English poet save Shakespeare and Tennyson.

Note. These stanzas form the introduction to *The Two Poets of Croisic.* The poem itself is hard to read, but it ends in a charming story.

Such a starved bank of moss
  Till, that May morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
  Violets were born!

Sky — what a scowl of cloud
  Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud:
  Splendid, a star!

World — how it walled about
  Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out:
  That was thy face!

THE NORTHMEN AND THEIR LEGENDS

Many hundred years ago the forefathers of the English people were living in the countries we know as Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. They were a wild, rough folk, like the rugged land in which they lived, but they were tall and strong and brave. They had no fear of the stormy ocean, nor of other fierce tribes who lived near them. Their chief delight was in fighting wind and sea, or the more warlike of their neighbors.

The land in which the Norsemen lived is very different from the sunny, fertile valleys and plains of southern Europe. Along the shores are high, steep cliffs against which the waves break with terrible force. For many months there is little sunshine and the cold is often intense. To the Greeks the world seemed full of beautiful things — grassy meadows, soft breezes, warm seas, friendly skies, and rich harvests. To the Norsemen life was a long

round of struggle, sleep, and toil, with occasional feasting and noisy merrymaking. Neither race could have fully understood the hopes and fancies and beliefs of the other.

Yet to the bold Norsemen, as to the beauty-loving Greeks, came the longing to account for all that they saw about them. The bitter cold, they said, was the work of evil frost giants, who hated men and gods alike, and who sought to do them harm. Light and warmth and flowers and grain were the gifts of the gods, who lived in a heavenly city called Asgard. From this high dwelling place, which could be reached only by the rainbow bridge, the gods looked down upon mankind, and sent the sunshine and the rain, the springtime and the harvest.

In Asgard was the splendid hall of Valhalla where Odin, the father of the gods, feasted with his chosen heroes, the soldiers who had died bravely in battle. Odin was the most powerful among the Norse gods, as Jupiter was among the Greeks. From Odin, often spelled Woden, comes our word Wednesday, or Woden's day.

Frigga was the wife of Odin, and Thor, the thunderer, was his eldest son. Thor was the fiercest warrior of them all, and he owned three very precious things which made him greatly dreaded. One was his famous hammer, which of its own accord always returned to the hand of its master. Another was his belt of strength, which doubled

his might whenever he put it on. His third treasure was a pair of iron gloves with which he could grasp his magic hammer, even when it became red-hot, as it frequently did. Thor's heavy car rumbling across the heavens made the thunder. From his name comes our word Thursday.

Among the other gods were Balder the Beautiful, Tyr the Brave (who gave us our word Tuesday), and Frey, the god of summer. Freya, the goddess of music and of flowers, was Frey's sister. Her day was Friday.

Odin had a company of warlike maidens for his messengers. They rode upon horses and were armed with helmets, shields, and spears. It was their duty to select the brave heroes who were to feast in Valhalla, and as they rode forth on their errand their shining armor made a flickering light in the northern sky. These maidens were known as the Valkyrias, or Choosers of the Slain.

The watchman of Asgard, who stood at the edge of the city to keep the giants from crossing the bridge, could see by night as well as by day. So keen were his ears that he could hear the grass springing up in the field, and the wool growing on the sheep's back.

Loki was the mischief-maker in Asgard. He was handsome and quick-witted, it is true, but he belonged to the treacherous race of giants. How he came to live in Asgard no one knew. Once, when Odin questioned him,

Loki declared that there had been a time when he was noble and innocent, but that after many wanderings up and down the earth, he had come to love evil and hate good. When Loki saw how greatly Balder, the god of light, was beloved, he longed to hurt him in some way. Balder dreamed of the coming danger and told his mother, Frigga, of his dream. Then Frigga went to birds and beasts, to sticks and stones, to fire and water, and begged each one of them to promise to do no harm to her son.

But alas for Balder! On the eastern side of Valhalla grew a tiny shrub which Frigga thought was too small and weak to be noticed, — and Loki heard of it!

That very day, as the gods were jesting and playing games together in Valhalla, one of them threw at Balder a little sprig of mistletoe which Loki had put into his hand. To his horror Balder fell to the floor. The bit of mistletoe had killed him.

False Loki was punished as he deserved, but that did not console the grieving hearts in Asgard. All nature wept at Balder's death, and the gods begged that he might return. One story says that he came back to his sorrowing wife and mother. Many think that the death of Balder was the coming of winter told in poetical fashion.

Asgard (ăs'gärd). — **Valhalla** (văl hăl'lȧ). — **Thor** (thôr). — **Balder** (bal'dẽr). — **Tyr** (tẽr). — **Frey** (frī). — **Valkyrias** (văl kĭr'ĭ ȧs). — **Loki** (lō'kĭ).

THOR

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has been called the poet of childhood, because his sympathy and love always reached the hearts of children. He was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807, and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1882. Of his poems *The Village Blacksmith*, *Hiawatha*, *The Children's Hour*, and *The Wreck of the Hesperus* are familiar to most boys and girls.

Note. The following verses descriptive of Thor are taken from Longfellow's *Saga of King Olaf*.

I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Miölner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,

HENRY WADSWORTH MOORE.

And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

. . . . . .

Miölner (myēl'nēr): the name of Thor's hammer. The word signifies *to pound*, or *grind*, whence the English word "mill."— **sorcerers**: magicians. — **gauntlets**: long gloves, covered on the back with plates of steel, and formerly used in battle. — **brace**: tighten. — **Jove**: another name for Jupiter.

IN NIBELUNGEN LAND

JAMES BALDWIN

JAMES BALDWIN is a well-known American author and editor.

NOTE. One of the oldest myths of our Saxon ancestors is the story of Siegfried, whose adventures have been related in many forms and languages.

One morning as Siegfried sat alone by the seashore he saw in the blue distance a white-sailed ship drawing swiftly near, its golden dragon stem plowing through the waves like some great bird of the deep. As with straining, eager eyes he watched its coming, he felt that Odin had sent it, and that the time had come wherein he must be up and doing. The hour for thriving action comes to us once; if not seized upon and used it may never come again.

The ship drew near the shore. The sailors rested on their oars and Siegfried and the steed Greyfell sprang upon the deck; then the sailors silently bent again to their rowing. The flapping sails were filled and tightened by the strong west wind, and the light vessel leaped from wave to wave like a thing of life. Siegfried and his horse seemed to be the only living beings on board; for the sailors who plied the oars were so silent and phantom-like that they appeared to be naught but the ghosts of the summer sea breezes. As the ship sped swiftly on its

way all the creatures in the sea paused to behold the sight. The mermen rested from their weary search for hidden treasures, and the mermaids forgot to comb their long tresses as the radiant vessel and its hero freight glided past.

When, at length, the day had passed and the evening twilight had come, Siegfried saw that the ship was nearing land. But it was a strange land. Like a fleecy cloud it appeared to rest above the waves, midway between the earth and sky; a dark mist hung upon it, and it seemed a land of dreams and shadows.

The ship drew nearer and nearer to the mysterious shore, and as it touched the beach the sailors rested from their rowing. Then Siegfried and the horse Greyfell leaped ashore; but when they looked back, the fair vessel that had carried them was nowhere to be seen. Whether it had suddenly been clutched by the greedy fingers of the sea queen Ran, and dragged down into the deep sea caverns, or whether, like the wondrous ship *Skidbladner*, it had been folded up and made invisible to the eyes of men, Siegfried never knew.

The thick mists and the darkness of night closed over and around both hero and horse; and they dared not stir, but stood long hours in the silent gloom, waiting for the coming of the dawn.

At length the morning came, but the light was not strong enough to scatter the fogs and thick vapors that rested upon the land. Then Siegfried mounted Greyfell, and the sunbeams began to flash from the horse's mane and from the hero's glittering mail coat; and the hazy clouds fled upward and away, until they were caught and held fast by great mist giants who stood like sentinels on the mountain tops. As the shining pair came up from the sea and passed through the woods and valleys of the Nibelungen Land, there streamed over all that region such a flood of sunlight as had never before been seen.

In every leafy tree and behind every blade of grass, elves and fairies were hidden; and under every rock and in every crevice lurked cunning dwarfs. But Siegfried rode straight forward until he came to the steep side of a shadowy mountain. There, at the mouth of a cavern, a strange sight met his eyes. Two young men, dressed in princes' clothing, sat upon the ground. Their features were haggard and gaunt, and pinched with hunger, and their eyes were wild with wakefulness and fear; and all around them were heaps of gold and precious stones — more than a hundred wagons could carry away. And neither of the two princes would leave the shining hoard for food, nor close his eyes in sleep, lest the other might seize and hide some part of the treasure. And thus they

had watched and hungered through many long days and sleepless nights, each hoping that the other would die and that the whole inheritance might be his own.

When they saw Siegfried riding near they called out to him and said: "Noble stranger, stop a moment! Come and help us divide this treasure."

"Who are you?" asked Siegfried; "and what treasure is it that lies there?"

"We are the sons of Niblung, who until lately was king of this Mist Land. Our names are Schilbung and the young Niblung," faintly answered the princes.

"And what are you doing here with this gold and these glittering stones?"

"This is the great Nibelungen Hoard which our father not long ago brought from the Southland; but our father is now dead and we have brought the hoard out of the cavern where he had hidden it, in order that we may share it between us equally. But we cannot agree and we pray you to help us divide it."

Then Siegfried dismounted from the horse Greyfell, and came near the two princes.

"I will gladly do as you ask," said he; and forthwith began the task of dividing the treasure. The two brothers, so faint from hunger and want of sleep that they could scarcely lift their heads, watched him with anxious, greedy

eyes. First he placed a piece of gold by Niblung's side and then a piece of like value he gave to Schilbung. And this he did again and again, until no more gold was left. Then, in the same manner, he divided the precious gems until none of these remained. The brothers were much pleased: they hugged their glittering treasures and thanked Siegfried for his kindness and for the fairness with which he had given to each his own. But one thing was left which had not fallen to the lot of either brother. It was a ring of curious workmanship, — a serpent coiled with its tail in its mouth, and with ruby eyes glistening and cold.

"What shall I do with this ring?" asked Siegfried.

"Give it to me!" cried Niblung.

"Give it to me!" cried Schilbung.

And both tried to snatch it from Siegfried's hand. But the effort was too great for them. Their arms fell helpless at their sides, their feet slipped beneath them, their limbs failed; they sank fainting, each upon his pile of treasures.

"O my dear, dear gold!" murmured Niblung, trying to clasp it all in his arms, — "my dear, dear gold! Thou art mine, mine only. No one shall take thee from me. Here thou art, here thou shalt rest. O my dear, dear gold!" And then, calling up the last spark of life left in

his famished body, he cried out to Siegfried, "Give me the ring! — the ring, I say!"

He hugged his cherished gold nearer to his bosom; he ran his fingers deep down into the shining heap; he

pressed his pale lips to the cold and senseless metal; he whispered faintly, "My dear, dear gold!" and then he died.

"O my precious, precious gems," faltered Schilbung, "how beautiful you are! And you are mine, all mine. I will keep you safe. Come, come, my bright-eyed beauties! No one but me shall touch you. You are mine, mine, mine!" And he chattered and laughed as only madmen

laugh. And he kissed the hard stones and sought to hide them in his bosom. But his hands trembled and failed; dark mists swam before his eyes; he fancied that he heard the black dwarfs clamoring for his treasure; he sprang up quickly, he shrieked — and then fell lifeless upon his hoard of sparkling jewels.

A strange, sad sight it was, — boundless wealth and miserable death: two piles of yellow gold and sunbright diamonds, and two thin, starved corpses stretched upon them.

"O gold, gold!" cried Siegfried sorrowfully; "truly thou art the world's curse; thou art man's bane. But when the bright springtime of the new world shall come, and Balder shall reign in his glory, then will the curse be taken from thee, and thy yellow brightness will be the sign of purity and enduring worth."

Nibelungen (nĭ′bĕ lụng ẹn): meaning *land of darkness.* — **Siegfried** (sēg′frĭd). — **dragon stem**: the bow of the ship represented a dragon, or winged serpent. — **mermen**: fabled creatures having the upper part of the body like a man and the lower like a fish. — **Skidbladner** (skĭd blăd′nēr): a fairy ship which could furnish room for a thousand warriors and their steeds; when not in use it could be folded up and carried in the pocket. — **mail coat**: a coat made of metal rings for defensive armor. — **Niblung** (nēb′lụng). — **Schilbung** (shĕl′bụng). — **the Nibelungen Hoard**: this is the basis upon which the plot of *The Story of Siegfried* is constructed. — **bane**: ruin.

THE SKYLARK

JAMES HOGG

JAMES HOGG, known as "The Ettrick Shepherd," was born in Ettrick Forest, Scotland, in 1772; he died in 1835. He was both a poet and a writer of prose.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place,—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gave it energy, love gave it birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing—
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven; thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place, —
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

cumberless: light, buoyant. — **matin**: morning song. — **lea**: a grassy field. — **fell**: a barren or rocky hill. — **sheen**: shining, radiant. — **red streamer**: the light that shoots upward from the horizon just before the sun rises. — **heralds**: ushers in. — **gloaming**: twilight, dusk. — **heather** (hĕth'ẽr): a low shrub with minute evergreen leaves and purplish flowers. It is very abundant on the hills and mountains of Scotland.

NATURE'S SONG

MADISON CAWEIN

MADISON CAWEIN is a Kentucky poet.

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;
There is no meter that 's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES (mē gāl′ dā sēr văn′tēs), one of the greatest of Spanish authors, was born near Madrid in 1547. He died on the same day that Shakespeare died, — April 23, 1616. His masterpiece, *Don Quixote*, overshadows all his other literary work. Written as a burlesque of the tales of chivalry, it has for three hundred years been the delight of mankind.

NOTE. Don Quixote (dŏn kwĭks′ōt), the hero of the romance, has read so many tales of knight-errantry that his head is full of nothing but enchantments, battles, challenges, wounds, and wooings. At last he fancies that it is necessary for him to turn knight-errant, and, like the heroes of whom he has read, right all manner of wrongs and expose himself to all manner of dangers. With this in view he roams about with his squire, Sancho, in quest of adventures. His imagination makes the simplest things seem quite other than they are, and whenever he acts he gets into trouble.

The next morning Don Quixote and his squire pursued their journey and came in two days' time to the river Ebro. The verdure of its banks and the abounding plenty of its waters awakened a thousand fancies in the knight's roving imagination.

While thus agreeably amused, he spied a little boat without any oars or tackle, moored by the riverside to the stump of a tree. Thereupon, looking round about him and discovering nobody, he presently alighted, and ordered Sancho to tie their beasts fast to some of the elms or willows thereabouts. Sancho asked him what was the meaning of all this.

"Thou art to know," answered Don Quixote, "that this boat lies here for no other reason but to invite me to embark in it, for the relief of some knight, or other person of high degree, who is in great distress. For thus, according to the method of enchanters, when any knight whom they protect happens to be involved in danger, up the magician snatches some champion in a cloud, or else provides him with a boat, and in the twinkling of an eye wafts him to the place where his assistance is wanted. Just to this same intent does this bark lie here; it is as clear as the day, and therefore, before it is too late, Sancho, tie up Rocinante and Dapple, and let us commit ourselves to the guidance of Providence."

"Well, well," quoth Sancho, "if I must, I must. But for all that, I must and will ease my conscience, and tell you plainly that I can see with half an eye that it is no enchanted bark, but some fisherman's boat."

This caution did Sancho give his master while, full sore against his will, he was tying the beasts to a tree. Don Quixote bade him not to be concerned at leaving them there; "for," said he, "the sage who is to carry us through a journey of such an extent will be sure to take care of the animals." With that, leaping in and Sancho following, he cut the rope and by degrees the stream carried the boat from the shore.

Now when Sancho saw himself toward the middle of the river he began to quake with fear, but nothing grieved his heart so much as to hear Dapple bray and to see Rocinante struggle to get loose.

"Sir," quoth he, "hark how our poor Dapple brays, to bemoan our leaving of him; and see how poor Rocinante tugs hard to break his bridle, and is even wild to throw himself after us. Alack and alack! my poor dear friends, peace be with you where you are, and when this mad freak, the cause of our doleful parting, is ended in repentance, may we be brought back to your sweet company again!" Meanwhile the boat drove gently along, without being moved by any secret influence or hidden enchantment, but only by the help of the current, hitherto calm and smooth.

By this time they saw two great water mills in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner spied than he called to his squire: "Look, look, my Sancho! Seest thou yon city or castle there? This is the place where some knight lies in distress, or some queen or princess is detained, for whose succor I am conveyed hither."

"What do you mean?" cried Sancho. "Sir, do you not see, as plain as the nose on your face, that they are nothing but water mills, in the midst of the river, to grind corn?"

"Peace, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "they look like water mills, I grant you, but they are no such things.

How often, have I not told thee already, do these magicians change and overturn everything as they please?"

The boat, having now reached the middle of the stream, began to move less slowly than it did before. The people in the mills, perceiving the boat to come adrift full upon the mill wheels, came running out in haste with their long poles to stop it; and as their faces and clothes were powdered all over with meal dust, they made a very odd appearance.

"Soho, there!" cried they as loud as they could. "Hold! you will be drowned, or ground to pieces by the mill wheels."

Don Quixote, having cast his eye upon the millers, said: "Did I not tell thee, Sancho, that we should arrive where I must exert the strength of my arm? Look, what wretches come forth against me! How many hobgoblins oppose my passage! But I shall make ye know, scoundrels, how insignificant are all your efforts."

Then, standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers in a haughty tone. "Ye paltry slaves," cried he, "release instantly the captive person who is detained or oppressed within your castle; for I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom the happy achievement of this adventure is reserved by the decree of heaven."

This said, he unsheathed his sword, and began to fence with the air as if he had been already engaging the millers, who, hearing but not understanding his mad words, stood ready with their poles to stop the boat, which was now near the milldam, and just entering the rapid stream and narrow channel. They did indeed stop the boat, yet not so cleverly but that they overset it, tipping Don Quixote and Sancho over into the river. It was well for the knight that he could swim like a duck; and yet the weight of his armor sunk him twice to the bottom, and had it not been for the millers, who jumped into the water and pulled out master and man, there had been an end of them both.

And now came the fishermen who owned the boat, and, finding it broken to pieces, fell upon Sancho and began to strip him, demanding satisfaction both of him and his master for the loss of their bark. The knight, with a great deal of gravity and unconcern, as if he had done no manner of harm, told both the millers and the fishermen that he was ready to pay for the boat, provided that they would surrender the persons detained unjustly in their castle.

"What persons, and what castle?" said one of the millers. "Would you carry away the folk that come to grind their corn at our mills?"

"Well," said Don Quixote to himself, "a man had as good preach to a stone wall. Two enchanters certainly clash in this adventure. One provides me with a bark; the other overwhelms me in it. Heaven send us better times! I can do no more."

Then, raising his voice and gazing upon the water mills, "My dear friends," he cried, "whoever you may be, pardon me, I beseech you, that I cannot free you from your confinement; the adventure is reserved for some other knight." This said, he came to an agreement with the fishermen and ordered Sancho to pay them fifty reals for the boat. Sancho pulled out the money with a very ill will, and parted with it with a worse, muttering between his teeth that two such voyages would sink their whole stock. The fishermen and the millers could not so much as guess what Don Quixote meant by all his extravagant speeches, and went back to their work, while Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their beasts; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

Don: this is the Spanish equivalent of Mr. — **squire**: an attendant on a knight. — **Sancho** (săn'kō). — **champion**: a defender or protector. — **Rocinante** (rō sē năn'tā): the name ("rocin," *a cart-horse*, and "ante," *before* or *previously*) implies that the horse had risen from a mean condition to become the charger of a knight-errant, which was the highest honor a steed could achieve. — **La Mancha** (lä măn'chä): a province in the south of Spain. — **reals**: a real is a small silver coin varying from ten to twelve and a half cents in value.

THE DOG OF VILLEMARIE

M. A. L. Lane

One afternoon, in the summer of 1645, two boys lay on the grass outside the fort of Villemarie. One was a dark-skinned Indian lad, the other a fair-haired son of France. As they watched a vessel beating down the river against a fresh wind, they were talking together in a curious mixture of the Indian and French tongues.

"The Sieur de Maisonneuve is a brave man," said the Indian, in his slow drawl. "There is no one braver than he. Why does he send for more soldiers from France? The Algonquins are his friends; we will see that no harm comes to him."

"He is not sending for soldiers," François said sagely. "This is not a fort, you must understand, so much as a mission. We need more priests, Eustache, — and more dogs." He laughed as he spoke. "It is true. I heard the commandant give the order himself."

Eustache looked puzzled.

"Yet you will not sacrifice them," he said, "nor even eat them. The great white dog, which we should offer at some feast to our sun god — "

"Hush!" interrupted François, in a tone of rebuke. "You forget that you will sacrifice no more to the sun

god. You belong to us now. Moreover, our dogs are not like yours. Can you show me an Indian, even, who is so wise as our Pilot?"

"No, nor a Frenchman," retorted Eustache. "She knows an Iroquois by the sense of smell, which seems to have been left out of French noses."

"Yet she prefers to hunt squirrels," said François, with a good-natured smile. "She is lazier than a Frenchman, you must own."

As he spoke, a black-gowned priest came down from the open door of the fort toward the river.

"Remember, my lads, it is not safe for you to go out of sight," he said, as the boys rose to salute him. "The Iroquois are all round us in these woods."

"Has my father come down from the mountain?" asked François, with a note of anxiety in his voice.

"No," said the priest. "Let us hope all is well, but they are unusually late."

It was the custom at Villemarie to make frequent pilgrimages to the cross which Maisonneuve had planted upon the peak of the neighboring mountain. The ladies from the fort and hospital, under the care of a few soldiers, would sometimes undertake the steep and rugged ascent for days in succession. It was far from being an easy journey, since danger lurked in every thicket and the

rocky path was hard to follow, but in this way the religious fervor of the little settlement found expression.

"Why do you so hate the Iroquois?" asked François, when the boys were again alone.

"It is born in us," said the Algonquin, fiercely. His dark eyes flashed as he spoke, and he struck his hand against the rough stump of a tree. The blow must have hurt him, but he gave no sign of it. "They have killed our people and destroyed our homes for years," he went on. "But you — why do you fight with them?"

"Truly, I do not know," answered François. "The quarrel began long before I was born. They torment us sufficiently, it is true, but that is because we are already their enemies, I suppose."

"Then I will tell you what they have done to me," said Eustache, "that you may hate them as I do. Two years ago my father was a great chief with six or seven hundred men. Late in the autumn he set forth with a few followers for his winter hunt in the forest west of us. They built their camp and began to hunt the moose and beaver. It was my first hunting trip and I shared my father's lodge. One night a number of the Iroquois, who had tracked us all the way from our homes, surprised us sleeping."

"If you only *would* have sentinels!" François broke in impatiently.

"It would have been the same," the Indian lad went on. "They were twenty to one. They bound us hand and foot, rekindled our camp fire, and put my father to death with terrible tortures. I can see them yet, the howling, laughing fiends, bidding me watch well that I might know how to die."

"And how did you get away?" asked François, awed by his friend's tone.

"They were tired out when my father's tortures were over," Eustache said bitterly. "And when the morning came I was gone. I traveled more than a hundred miles alone before I found our lodges again."

At this moment there came into sight around the corner of the fort a dog, followed by five or six puppies absurdly like herself. They came rushing down over the turf with the evident intention of having a frolic with the boys, but suddenly the mother stopped short and sniffed the air suspiciously.

"Well, Pilot, what 's the matter now?" inquired François, sending a hasty glance toward the thick woods behind him. Eustache was already on his feet, even before the dog barked.

"The Iroquois!" he said in a whisper. "They are between us and the mountain. Pilot never makes a mistake."

"And my father!" said François, white to the lips. "What can we do?"

The dog was strangely excited. She ran through the grass with her nose to the ground for a few yards, but came back to the boys and barked again, her head high in

the air. They turned as she did, and when, laying back her ears and showing her white teeth, she ran straight to the fort, boys and puppies followed her in equal confusion of spirit.

Maisonneuve himself was standing just within the gates, and the sight of that valiant soldier went far

toward calming the excitement of the fugitives. He was soothing Pilot with a kindly hand.

"There, there, good dog! Down! down, I say! Yes, we understand you. François, can I trust you with a bit of serious work? You know what this means, of course."

"It means that my father — that they are all in danger," said the boy. "I will do what you bid me." All his courage had come back to him.

"Good," said Maisonneuve, heartily. "Well, my lads, you must go hunting for ducks' eggs. Creep along in the sedge and reeds by the shore — not too fast, mind you — until you reach the upper trail into the forest. Follow it as swiftly as you can to the great oak. It may be that you will reach there in time to warn our friends and bring them back by the same path. If not, we shall shortly know, and I will send out a force to their assistance. But I would give much to avoid a fight at this time. You must show no fear, for sharp eyes may be upon you."

The boys saluted gravely, and with fast-beating hearts made their way along the edge of the river, dipping down now and then in excellent make-believe. To François it seemed an hour before a sharp turn in the coast made it possible for them to turn inland and double upon their track. Eustache was running far ahead of him and reached the great oak several minutes before the breathless French

boy dropped to the grass beside him. The Indian lifted his head from the ground.

"They are coming," he said. "We are in time."

It was not long before François caught a glimpse of his father's tall figure. Behind him filed a company of priests who had made Villemarie a stopping place on their way to Lake Huron. In the rear, and guarding the four ladies placed in the center of their ranks, marched a small detachment from the fort. François sprang forward to tell his father of the peril lurking in the path below.

"And who discovered the enemy?" asked the tall soldier, with a friendly glance at Eustache as they turned into the safer way. "Was it our new convert?"

"No, it was Pilot," Eustache confessed mournfully.

Mademoiselle Mance, the nurse whose skill had carried the Indian boy safely through a dangerous illness, guessed the wish in the boy's heart.

"You would have been glad if you might have been the one, is it not so?" she asked kindly. "But we are grateful to you, too. We are proud of our loyal Algonquin, and we know that he will do credit to the name we have given him."

Eustache, who had given up his Indian name with some reluctance, felt himself amply repaid. His eyes brightened as she went on: "I was telling monsieur the commandant

only this morning that I thought you and François would enjoy training two of Pilot's puppies; and as we have other dogs coming by the next ship, he has given his consent to your having these for your own."

The Indian had been taught from babyhood to hide his pleasure as well as his pain, and only his dancing eyes spoke for him. But as for François, it is to be believed that nothing less than the fear of the Iroquois would have repressed his joyful shout.

"Think of it, Eustache!" he said, as the walls of the fort came into view and safety was assured; "for our very own! And Pilot has trained them already. We must be careful not to spoil her work."

Villemarie (vêl mȧ rē′): the original name of Montreal. — **Sieur de Maisonneuve** (sy̆ ẽr dę mȧ zǒn nûv′): the founder of Montreal. — **commandant** (cŏm mȧn dänt′): commanding officer. — **Eustache** (ūs täsh′): the name means "strong." — **Mademoiselle Mance** (mäns): a brave and pious French lady who faced the dangers and hardships of the new settlement.

HIE AWAY, HIE AWAY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771; he died at Abbotsford in 1832. During his youth he suffered from ill health and spent much time in the open air on his grandfather's farm. Here he became familiar with the ballads and traditions of the Scottish border, of which he afterwards made use in his poems and novels. Scott has often been called "The Wizard of the North," so wonderful was the power and rapidity of his work. His first novel, *Waverley*, met with instant success and was followed quickly by *Guy Mannering*, *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Quentin Durward*, and many others, the series being known as the *Waverley Novels*, from the name of the first one.

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
  Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
  Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
  Over bank and over brae,
  Hie away, hie away!

hie: go. — **copsewood**: wood of small growth. — **brae**: hillside.

THE ARCHERY CONTEST

SIR WALTER SCOTT

NOTE. Locksley, the hero of the following story, is a strange yeoman who has incurred Prince John's displeasure by his bold speech. When the archery contest is arranged Locksley at first refuses to try his skill, but, stung by the prince's insults, he finally agrees to shoot against the winner in the competition for a prize of twenty nobles and a bugle horn. If he fails he is to be publicly disgraced. Who Locksley really is the reader may discover later on in the romance of *Ivanhoe*, from which this selection is taken.

A target was placed at the upper end of the avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shots bravely. Of twenty-four arrows ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by a forester named Hubert, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the marshal of the games?"

"I am content," said Locksley, "to try my fortune, on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies."

"A man can but do his best," said Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who as victor in the first trial had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great care, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand the bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed

station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer the center than that of Hubert.

"If thou suffer this knave to overcome thee," said Prince John to Hubert, "thou art worthy of the gallows."

Hubert had but one speech for all occasions. "If your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow —"

"Shoot, knave!" interrupted John; "and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee."

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and, not neglecting the caution he had received from his adversary, he shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"Hubert! Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley. And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, he sent it right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who

stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor.

"This is no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomanry to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country. Let your guards attend me, if you please; I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, led him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, saying, at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target as broad as had been used was to put shame upon his skill.

"For my own part," he said, "I would as soon take for a mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. But," he added, walking to the other end of the lists and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at fivescore yards, I

call him an archer fit to bear bow and quiver before a king, were it the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life — and neither will I. A man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. However, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but now he looked with attention to his weapon and changed the string, which was a little frayed by the two former shots. He took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill; his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed, and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person.

"These twenty nobles," he said, "which with the bugle thou hast fairly won, are thine own. We will make them

HARRY WADSWORTH MOORE

fifty if thou wilt take service with us, for never did so strong a hand bend a bow, nor so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble prince," said Locksley, "but I have vowed that if ever I take service it shall be with your royal brother, Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

yeoman: a freeholder or farmer. — **Prince John**: afterward King John of England, one of the most dishonorable men in all history. — **nobles**: gold coins. Twenty nobles were worth a little more than thirty-two dollars. — **lists**: the ground inclosed for a mock battle, or any trial of skill. — **a shot at rovers**: arrows shot on an upward curve, so that they may hit the mark as they fall. — **accounted**: considered. — **baldric**: a broad, ornamented belt, often worn over one shoulder. — **braggart**: a vain, boasting person. — **battle of Hastings**: a famous battle, fought in 1066, which made the Normans masters of England. — **King Richard**: the brother of John, but a man of heroic qualities. He is known as Richard of the Lion Heart. — **sirrah**: a form of address showing contempt. — **bounty**: a charitable gift.

JEAN BART'S PIPE

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

ALEXANDRE DUMAS (dū mä) (1802–1870) was a French dramatist and novelist.

NOTE. Jean Bart (zhän bär) was a celebrated naval officer who lived in the seventeenth century and whose adventures are famous in French history. One day, blockaded in the harbor of Dunkirk by forty English and Dutch vessels, he forced his way out with his seven frigates.

Jean Bart was a native of Dunkirk, a place so damp and cold that a pipe is not only a companion but a stove. At the time of my story Jean Bart was more than forty years old, so that it was too late, when Louis XIV made him chief commander of a squadron, to change the habits of his youth. Still, those who knew him felt sure that when Jean Bart lighted his pipe in the king's ante-chamber at Versailles it was not through ignorance of court etiquette that he did so, but because he wished to draw attention to himself.

It was well known that Jean Bart came to ask a favor of the king—a favor which the king had already twice refused. It was nothing less than the pardon of a common sailor who had been condemned to death.

Jean Bart had put aside the gorgeous apparel which had made so much talk in Parisian drawing rooms, and in the simple uniform of a naval officer he presented himself

in his Majesty's antechamber as if he had his letter of admission in his pocket.

"Monsieur," demanded the official whose business it was to introduce visitors to the king, "have you your letter of admission?"

"My letter?" cried Jean Bart. "Why should I need a letter? Surely the king and I are too good friends for any such nonsense between us. Say to him that Jean Bart wishes to speak to him; that will be enough."

"Since you have no letter of admission," replied the officer, "no one would take the liberty of announcing you."

"Do you think I need any one to announce me, or that I cannot announce myself?" said Jean Bart, advancing toward the inner door.

"No one passes here, sir," interposed the soldier on duty.

"Are those your orders?" demanded Jean Bart.

"Those are my orders," declared the orderly.

"Obey orders!" said Jean Bart.

Then, leaning against the wainscoting, he pulled out his pipe, filled it with tobacco, struck a light, and began to smoke.

The courtiers were dumb at the man's audacity.

"I would have you observe, sir," said the officer, loftily, "that no one smokes in the king's antechamber."

"Very well, then; don't let them keep me waiting," said Jean Bart. "I always smoke when I have to wait."

"Monsieur frigate captain," returned the officer, "I shall be obliged to put you out."

"What! Before I have spoken with the king?" cried Jean Bart, laughing. "Well, really, I would n't do that if I were you."

In truth it was not so easy a thing to accomplish as to talk about, and the officer knew that fact very well. Choosing the lesser of two evils, he went to report to the king.

"Sire," said he, "there is in your antechamber a sailor who is smoking, who defies us to put him out, and who declares that he will enter in spite of us."

Louis XIV was not long in guessing who it was.

"I 'll wager it is Jean Bart," said he.

The officer bowed.

"Let him finish his pipe," said Louis, "and then bring him in."

Jean Bart did not wait to finish his pipe. He threw it into the fireplace and sprang forward toward the royal cabinet. But scarcely had he crossed the threshold when his whole bearing changed, and it was with the greatest respect that he stopped and gravely saluted the king.

The desire of Jean Bart's heart was now accomplished. He was face to face with the ruler of France, and he was to show, in this interview, the same skill that had marked his naval maneuvers. Adroitly he led the conversation across shoals, around rocks and reefs, as he chose. Beginning with his escape from Dunkirk and ending with his descent upon Newcastle, he fairly forced his sovereign to compliment him upon his exploits; — then, kneeling, he begged in the humblest fashion for the life of his faithful sailor and friend.

The king hesitated.

"Jean Bart," said he at last, "I grant you what I refused to Tourville."

"Sire," answered Jean Bart, "my father, two of my brothers, twenty other members of my family have given their lives in your Majesty's service. To-day you grant me the life of my sailor and I — I forgive you the rest!"

And Jean Bart came out crying like a child, but shouting "Long live the king!" at the top of his voice.

Immediately he was overwhelmed by a crowd of courtiers eager to curry favor with a man so honored by his sovereign. Not knowing how to make his escape from them, and already half-suffocated by the throng, he was disposed to take advantage of a question that was flung at him: "Monsieur Jean Bart, how did you get out

of the harbor of Dunkirk, blockaded as you were by the English fleet?"

"You wish to know?" he inquired.

"Yes, yes!" they all cried in chorus.

"Ah, well, you shall see, then. I am Jean Bart; you are the English fleet. You are blockading me in the king's antechamber; you are hindering me from going out. Very well; piff! paff! pouff! This is how I get out."

And with a push here and a good-humored thrust there, sending the men one upon another, he opened a passage to the door.

"Gentlemen," said he, "that is how I got out of the harbor of Dunkirk!"

And he went out of the king's anteroom.

blockaded: shut up in a place and prevented from going out. — **frigates**: small war vessels. — **Dunkirk**: a seaport on the northern coast of France. — **Louis XIV**: one of the greatest of French kings. He is often called Louis the Great. — **squadron**: a detachment of vessels. — **Versailles** (vĕr sâ′ē): a celebrated royal palace built by Louis XIV. — **orderly**: a noncommissioned officer who attends a superior. — **cabinet**: a private room. — **maneuvers**: movements. — **shoals**: shallows. — **Tourville** (to͞or vēl′): a famous French soldier. — **curry**: seek.

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE

THE THREE CASKETS — I

Near the city of Venice, at a place called Belmont, lived a rich young heiress whose name was Portia. She was not only rich, but fair and wise and good as well, and the fame of her beauty and of her virtues was widespread. So charming was her face and so winning was her manner that from all parts of the country suitors came to ask for her hand.

Now Portia was not free to choose which of these suitors she would have for her husband, for, by her father's will, that was to be settled in another way. Three caskets, one of gold, one of silver, and one of lead, were to be shown to each suitor, and he who selected the right one was to win the lovely Portia for his bride. If a suitor picked out the wrong casket, he was to agree never again to seek a lady in marriage.

When these conditions were made known, many of the young men gave up their suit at once, and at last only three were left, — the prince of Morocco, the prince of Arragon, and Bassanio, a poor young nobleman of Venice.

The scene is laid at Belmont in a room in Portia's home. When the curtain rises there is a flourish of cornets and Portia enters with the prince of Morocco,

followed by their attendants. Portia speaks to one of her servants:

"Go, draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:"

And then she says to him,

"Now make your choice."

The prince looks closely at the three little chests on which his fate depends. Taking up the first, he reads aloud the inscription on its golden lid:

"*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*"

The next casket is of silver, and the prince reads,

"*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*"

The third is of dull lead, and on it are these words:

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.

Laying the leaden casket down, he says to the lady,

"How shall I know if I do choose the right?"

Portia answers readily,

"The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal."

There is no hint of help in her smile, friendly as it is, so the puzzled prince takes up each casket again.

" *Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come.
. . . . . .
Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. . . . Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may."

But when the golden casket is unlocked and opened, no picture of Portia greets his eager eyes. Instead there is a scroll on which these words are written:

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told. . . .
Had you been as wise as bold, . . .
Your answer had not been inscrolled:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Disappointment sends the prince of Morocco away speedily, and soon another suitor arrives. This is the prince of Arragon. Having looked over the caskets with all the care which his rival showed, but with much more confidence in his own merit and worth, he spurns the leaden casket with the words,

"You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard";

and likewise the golden, because it is desired by the common multitude, to which he does not wish to belong. He

finally selects the silver chest with these complacent words:

> "*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*
> I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
> And instantly unlock my fortune here."

But when the lid is raised there is only another scroll containing a sharp reproof for his lack of wisdom, and he goes his way in bitter humiliation.

THE THREE CASKETS — II

Now for the third time are the caskets set forth, and Bassanio is brought in to make his choice. But Portia is in no haste; she seems afraid to have him put to the test. She says:

> "I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two
> Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
> I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
> . . . . . .
> I would detain you here some month or two
> Before you venture for me. I could teach you
> How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
> So will I never be."

Bassanio is too impatient to listen to her shy pleading. "Let me choose," he says, "for, as I am, I live upon the rack."

So Portia, determined to keep her word to her dead father, bids her servants stand back and her musicians play while the young lover makes his choice alone. As she watches him in tremulous eagerness it is easy to see that she longs for his success, but by no gesture or word does she break her pledge.

Softly the singers' voices sound:

> "*Tell me where is fancy bred,*
> *Or in the heart or in the head?* . . .

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell."

As they sing, Bassanio says to himself:

"So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.

. . . . . .

Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!"

Truly, joy is the consequence, for within the box he finds "fair Portia's counterfeit." As he steps forward, his eyes alight with his great happiness, she says modestly, with her whole heart in her voice:

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;

A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of — something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpracticèd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, and her king."

She values her riches only because she can give them to Bassanio, and with entire faith and confidence she places her home, her servants, her fortune, and herself in his hands.

From *The Merchant of Venice*

hazard: venture, risk. — **withal**: also. — **key**: pronounced *kā* in Shakespeare's time. — **scroll**: a roll of paper or parchment. — **glisters**: glistens. **inscrolled**: written out. — **forsworn**: Portia means that she should break her promise if she helped him in any way. — **rack**: an old instrument of torture. — **engendered**: begun. — **knell**: a death signal. — **Midas**: see Hawthorne's story of *The Golden Touch*. Midas was a king to whom was given the power to change all that he touched to gold. When he found that his food was thus changed, the gift lost its charm and he was glad to have it taken away from him. — **common drudge**: referring to the use of silver as coin. — **meager**: poor looking. — **counterfeit**: portrait. — **account**: estimation. — **livings**: estates. — **may** and **can**: notice that each is used in its exact meaning.

WHO IS SYLVIA?

SERENADE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Who is Sylvia? What is she,
  That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
  The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair,—
  For beauty lives with kindness?
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing
  That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

swains: youths. — **repair**: go. — **blindness**: Cupid, the god of love, was often represented as blind or blindfold.

&C